

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3240.—VOL. CXVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1901.

WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: } SIXPENCE.  
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES



A WELL-EARNED FURLOUGH: SIR ALFRED MILNER EN ROUTE FOR HOME.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When a Daniel sits on the bench, it behoves a minor prophet to doff his hat. I stand bareheaded before Mr. Leonard Courtney, who has defined Boeritis in these lucid terms: "The delirious dream of a man with a naturally weak faculty of judgment." This agreeable frankness is limited, it is true, to the case of the mysterious "British Officer" who started the fable that Lord Kitchener had directed no quarter to be given to the Boers in a certain military operation. But there are other dreamers of delirious dreams. There are the men who deliberately circulated this fable for what they call the "highest motives." You will often find the "highest motives," like the "ethical teaching" by which we have lately profited, co-operating with "a naturally weak faculty of judgment." Englishmen who traduce the British Army, and especially under conditions that make the libel most advantageous to an enemy whose resistance is prolonged by fables of every kind, are always animated by the "highest motives." The mysterious "British Officer," when he is discovered, is sure to extenuate his conduct with the same righteous plea.

It is amusing to watch the efforts that are made to thrust the whole responsibility upon this man, and even upon people who treated him and his tale with contemptuous indifference. The new ethical doctrine appears to be this: that when a delirious legend is invented about a British General, the "highest motives" are at liberty to circulate it until it is formally contradicted by that officer or by the Government. Boer agents have repeatedly asserted that General French was a prisoner, and that General Buller returned to England because he was released on parole by Louis Botha. German journalists have challenged the War Office to deny the statement about Sir Redvers Buller. As the War Office maintains a significant silence, it follows from the reasoning of the "highest motives" that the German suspicions are justifiable. Such suspicions, no doubt, are condemned by their obvious absurdity; but the absurdity of the charge against Lord Kitchener was just as obvious, and nobody but a delirious dreamer, with a pure and lofty soul, could suppose the British soldier to be capable of outrages on women and children, merely because he was engaged in a war which delirium calls "a crime against humanity."

Public opinion in this country does not condemn the destruction of property in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony when this is clearly an affair of military necessity. The British troops did not burn "thousands" of Boer farms; they burned the small total of 634 in six months; and with regard to a slight proportion of these, there is a general agreement that the burning was not justified. Lord Roberts declared that, by a misunderstanding of his orders, houses had been destroyed for no better reason than that their owners were on commando. Many farms were used as arsenals; some were used as treacherous ambushes: in such cases they were rightly demolished. But no military necessity demanded the burning of homesteads indiscriminately, and so far as that was done a year ago there is a reproach upon the British arms. We can make a present of this to any nation which can truthfully say that, in none of its wars, have its troops committed a similar error of judgment.

This candid scruple is characteristic of the public mind, although it may surprise the good-natured censors who denounce us as a race of brutal exterminators. I see it is treated as the prompting of an uneasy conscience by people who hold that destruction of any property in the Transvaal and Orange Colony is sacrilege. One of them has discovered in the memoirs of General Sheridan that he destroyed all the grain in the Shenandoah Valley, but not the houses. He could afford to leave the houses standing when he left the occupants nothing to live upon. "You take my house," says Shylock, "when you take the prop that doth sustain my house." But Sheridan did not always spare the homesteads. One of his lieutenants was treacherously shot by three Confederates disguised in the Federal uniform. "I burned every house," he says, "for five miles around." This he considered fitting punishment for people who harboured men capable of an act that violated the usages of civilised warfare. I have not yet heard that the shooting of British officers by Boers disguised in British uniforms has been followed by similar retribution. Moreover, Sheridan held very strongly that it is more necessary to destroy the enemy's property than to take his life. "Death is popularly considered the maximum of punishment in war, but it is not; reduction to poverty brings prayers for peace more surely and more quickly than does the destruction of human life, as the selfishness of man has demonstrated in more than one great conflict."

In spite of this, the delirious dreamers quote Sheridan, blandly ignoring whatever does not suit their purpose, ignoring also the evidence in the memoirs of General Sherman that he made Georgia "a howling wilderness." Here and there British generals have burnt a village. Sherman did not hesitate to burn a whole town. "Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke

rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city." What did Sherman consider to be strict military necessity in Georgia? "The utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources." Contrast this policy with our total of 634 burnt farms in a country much larger than Sherman's theatre of war. In the face of all this there are writers who pretend that our military action is condemned by the American example! A Prussian professor writing from Darmstadt to the *Standard* says his countrymen go about exclaiming, "Thank Heaven, we are not like those brutal English!" He proceeds to show from his own personal knowledge what the Germans did in France in 1870-71 to protect their lines of communication.—They shot train-wreckers, and burnt farms, and levied fines to discourage the population from conniving at train-wrecking. The Prussian professor is astonished at our moderation. He knows what Moltke would have done with an enemy who is a combatant one day and a peaceful burgher the next, and a train-wrecker the third day. But the "highest motives" care for none of these things. They prefer fables.

The House of Commons has again declined to limit the duration of its speeches. Year after year the question is argued solely on the supposed advantage of a time-limit to the despatch of business. As the *Spectator* shows in an excellent article, the true advantage would be the improvement of Parliamentary speaking. Most speakers in the House occupy its time, and not its attention. They would speak with vigour and point if they knew how; and if the average member had only twenty minutes to unfold his views, he would learn the elementary rules as to the arrangement of matter. The inexperienced speaker, as the *Spectator* says, does not want to bore his hearers by prolixity; he simply flounders in a maze of words to fill up the intervals between two ideas. A time-limit would force him to undergo the training of preparation, which is not the composition of elaborate sentences, but the drilling of his arguments. To know what to say first and what to say last is the whole art of debate. I have listened to really accomplished politicians, so full of the subject that they bubbled over with needless details, and left you, at the end of a long discourse, with only the vaguest notion of their purpose. The habit of taking twenty minutes instead of an hour would simplify their utterance vastly.

Electors, I fancy, are a good deal to blame. If they think the candidate's opinions are sound, they never correct him for rambling. There is a story of a candidate in old times who was earnestly expounding the emancipation of the labourer to an agricultural audience. He was approaching the heart of the subject, when he noticed that the countrymen looked uneasily at one another. Could it be that he had not made the necessity of the great deliverance clear to their minds? He retraced his steps, and enforced some of the preliminary points over again. The uneasiness of the audience visibly increased. At last one stalwart cottager rose and made for the door. It was a signal for a general movement. The electors bore the candidate no ill-will—they simply filed out. He wiped his brow, and turned in despair to the chairman. "What does it mean?" he asked. "I called them to liberty, and they turn their backs on me!" "It means," said the chairman, "that they fully appreciate your principles, but it is nearly ten o'clock, and when that fatal hour has struck, they can't get a glass of beer in the village!" If there were only some moral equivalent to that glass of beer to curb the discursiveness of platform eloquence! In the House the audience files out, not to beer, but to the library. This discipline comes too late; the orator has been spoilt by his constituents.

Bismarck, who professed great scorn for masters of words, found it worth while to make himself an effective speaker. Julius Caesar, greatest of the men of action, spent two years at Rhodes in the practice of rhetoric, to qualify himself for the Roman Senate. I fear the school at Rhodes is now extinct; but there used to be a professor in Bond Street who taught impromptu speaking. If he be still extant, I wish he would take a class of M.P.s and show them how to debate the Finance Bill in twenty minutes apiece. Some idealists cherish the hope that the world will be governed without speeches, and other idealists are eagerly awaiting the demise of leading articles. Both ideals are beautiful, but chimerical. You cannot divorce action from speech. The statesman will always explain his policy, and the leader-writer will always explain the statesman. I dream of a happy time when politics will be taken for granted, when life will be tranquil for all, and there will arise no topic more debatable than the quality of the old bottled sherries that Queen Victoria left reposing in the royal cellars. Five thousand dozens of these wines are to be sold by auction. Sixty thousand bottles! Why not crack them all at the Coronation? The Board of Trade might tell us how many bottles would be needed to keep the fountains in Trafalgar Square playing for a day. A mug of royal liquor and a slice of ox (roasted whole) would make a worshipful meal to the sound of pipe and tabor. But we are not robust enough for such old-fashioned rejoicing.

## PARLIAMENT.

On the motion for the second reading of the Finance Bill, Sir Henry Fowler moved an amendment condemning the proposals of the Government both in regard to taxation and debt. He did not deny that the war expenditure was necessary, and devoted most of his criticism to the coal duty. Mr. Labouchere complained that the amendment did not object to the war; and Mr. Redmond, on behalf of the Irish Nationalists, took the same line. The result of this disagreement in the Opposition was that the Government had a majority of 177.

Mr. Wyndham accepted a resolution declaring that special facilities should be given for the teaching of the Irish language in the national schools of Ireland. He said it was impossible to resist a demand that had been conceded in Scotland and Wales. The attitude of the Chief Secretary drew an eloquent appreciation from Mr. John Redmond.

In the House of Lords, the Bishop of Hereford moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the growth of public betting. He showed that even nursery-maids were beguiled into putting their shillings on horses. Lord Salisbury said that he would not oppose the motion, but he failed to see what legal machinery could be devised to restrain the nursery-maids.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A ROYAL RIVAL," AT THE CORONET.

It is not difficult to discover why the newest adaptation of "Don César de Bazan" (known in operatic form as "Maritana") proves but a hollow and patched-up costume melodrama, a series of grotesquely farcical episodes and stale, unconvincing devices. D'Ennery's whole bag of tricks has been used up over and over again, and, unfortunately, at the Coronet Theatre his hackneyed situations are set in the baldest relief. For the English translator, Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, while wisely eliminating the hero's lengthy soliloquies, has supplied nothing in their place, has forgotten to suffuse his story with that essential atmosphere of all romance—emotional sentiment. Not, indeed, till the gipsy heroine, her kingly persecutor, and her unknown husband, the dare-devil Don, meet in the fourth act do we at length obtain emotion, rhetoric, drama. Not till this point is reached do the chief interpreters of the play secure a chance of strenuous acting. The three are not all equally happy in their parts. Miss Hanbury's Bohémienne is picturesque and earnest, but the actress's comedy suffers from over-archness, her fervour from a touch of hysteria. Mr. Mollison, again, cannot put any passion into the King's love-making, and it is Mr. Waller to whom falls the chief histrionic success. But even his engaging scapegrace lacks distinction and genuine gaiety, and it is only in the declamatory passages of the last act that the new César is absolutely satisfying.

"THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN," AT WYNDHAM'S.

A fresh lease of life seems to be ensured to Mr. Jones's first comedy of society scandal and intrigue, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," now revived at Wyndham's Theatre. For though the play contains no such brilliant work as the famous lying act of its successor, "The Liars," and treats, like that clever piece, conventionally and rather sordidly the problem of an unhappy marriage, it exemplifies undeniably its author's admirable knack of stage-craft, and provides that ever-vigorous and virile comedian, Mr. Charles Wyndham, with one of his most genial *raisonneur* rôles. Unhappily, Miss Lena Ashwell is not permitted to impersonate the wilful heroine, a character which falls once more to its original, and of course charming, representative, Miss Mary Moore. But amends for Miss Ashwell's withdrawal are made in the special engagement of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, whose delightful rendering of the fascinating widow, Mrs. Quesnel, shows what a great deal can be made of a small part by an actress who is a real artist.

A FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION.

It is now definitely announced that Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's comedy of manners, "A Lady from Texas," is to be produced for the first time at Penley's Theatre, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, June 1. The name of the lady, her reputation as a woman of much humour and conversational power, and the title of the play, will give considerable interest to the occasion. The piece will be in the nature of a bright and light commentary on the passing weaknesses of the social hour, and especially on the influence on the aristocracy of the old world of the daughter of America, equally dowered with beauty and wealth. There are said to be many laughs, no tears—at least, no bitter ones—in the comedy; and even the Lothario is frivolous rather than wicked, and the satire will leave no stings. The cast consists of Mr. Leonard Boyne, who will the Lothario; Mr. Cartwright, a politician presented not in his public character, but in his relations as a family man; Mr. Lowne, a Peer richer in years and blood than money; and Mr. Marsh Allen as a young and gallant soldier. Miss Kitty Cheatham, an American actress, will take the title-rôle; Miss Cynthia Brooke has one of those parts as a sentimental and tender woman in which she figures to such advantage; Miss Kate Phillips will be an aristocratic lady who does not condemn trade; the *ingénue* will be Miss Pole; and the *grande dame* Mrs. Onslow, who returns to the stage after many years' absence.

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Sorrows. Pronounced by the leading Clergy and Savants of Europe and America

to be one of the Wonders of the World.

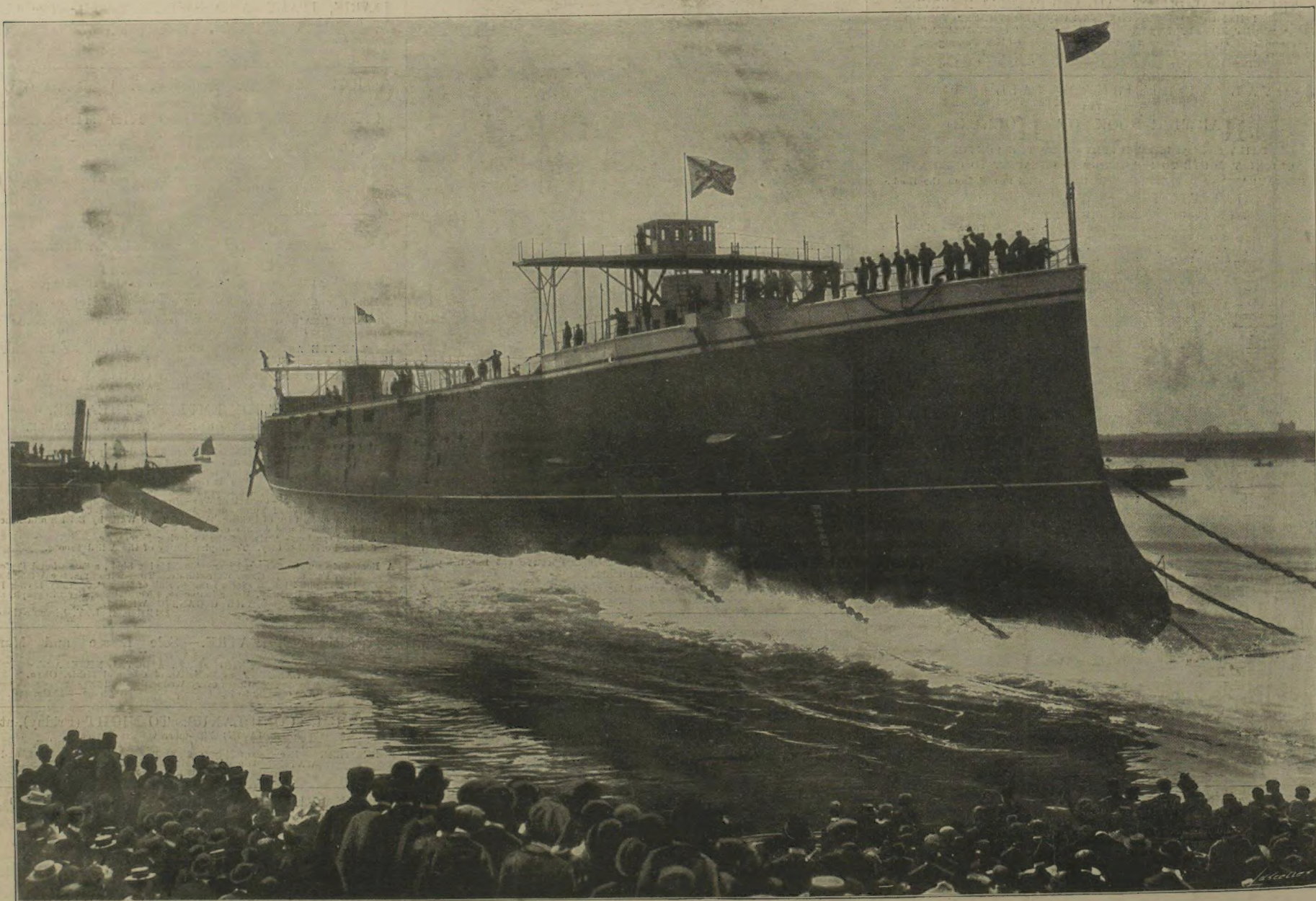
**DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, W. 10 to 6. One Shilling.**





Photo. Burton, New York.

THE AMERICA CUP DEFENDER, "CONSTITUTION": THE BOWS OF THE VESSEL AND THE SHOP WHERE SHE WAS BUILT.



THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "EURYALUS" AT BARROW, MAY 20: THE VESSEL AFLOAT.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE BUILDERS, MESSRS. VICKERS, SON, AND MAXIM, LIMITED.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## SCENES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

It goes without saying that, splendid as the sights may have been which have met the eyes of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York since the beginning of their tour, none will surpass those which await them when they reach the capital of New South Wales next Monday. Sydney Harbour is one of the wonders of the world, and the great colonial city which lies on its shores presents a marvellous combination of architectural magnificence and rural beauty. These characteristics are well exemplified in our Illustrations. The Town Hall was erected in 1887 to commemorate the centenary of Australian colonisation at Sydney. The building stands on a fine site at the highest point of George Street, and the pile is crowned by a tower 200 ft. high. Government House stands above Farm Cove and the Botanical Gardens, and is included within the grounds of the Inner Domain. The house commands a magnificent view of Port Jackson. Circular Quay presents one of the busiest scenes in Sydney. There the largest vessels are berthed, and there the ferry-steamers take up and set down passengers. Another point of interest in the harbour is at Man-o'-War Steps, where the British war-vessels in the Pacific have their rendezvous. In our Illustration the Pacific Squadron and the auxiliary fleet are lying at anchor in the harbour. Very beautiful glimpses of river scenery under evening light are to be found in the Kiama district of New South Wales, and a striking example of how the ingenuity of man has overcome the natural difficulties of the country is depicted in the tramway up the West Sunlight incline,

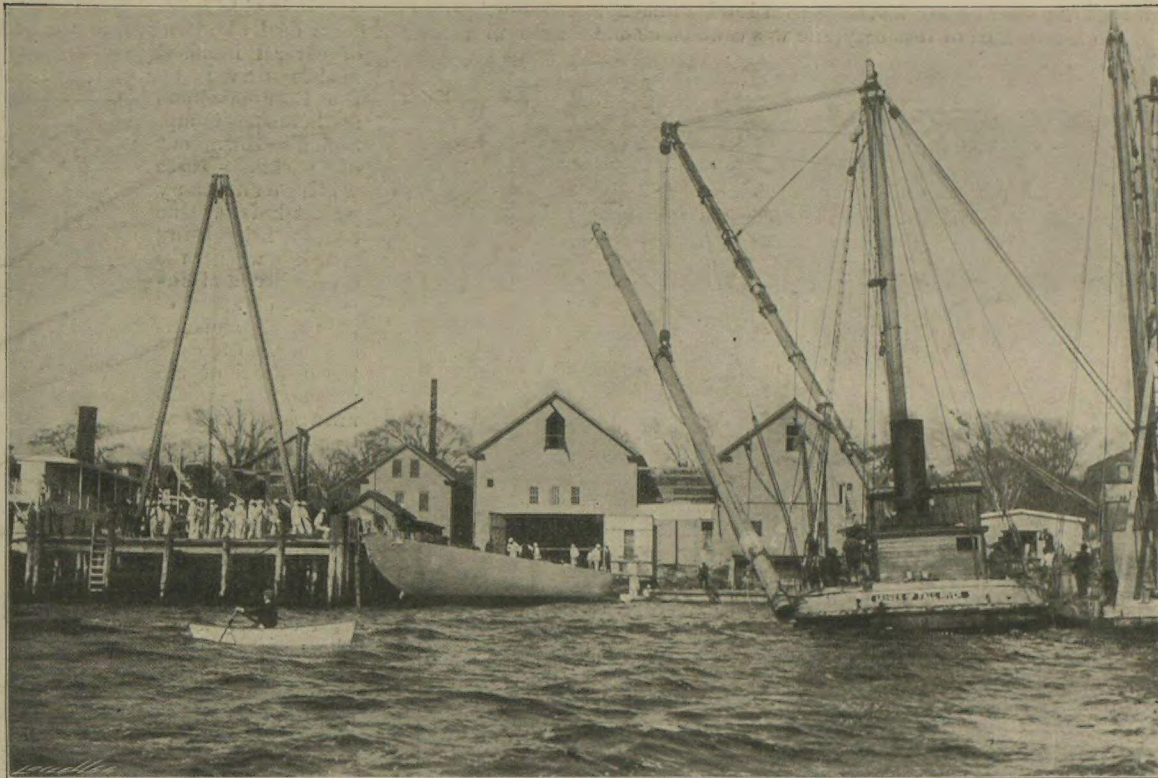


Photo. Burton, New York.

THE AMERICA CUP DEFENDER: STEPPING THE "CONSTITUTION'S" GREAT STEEL MAST.

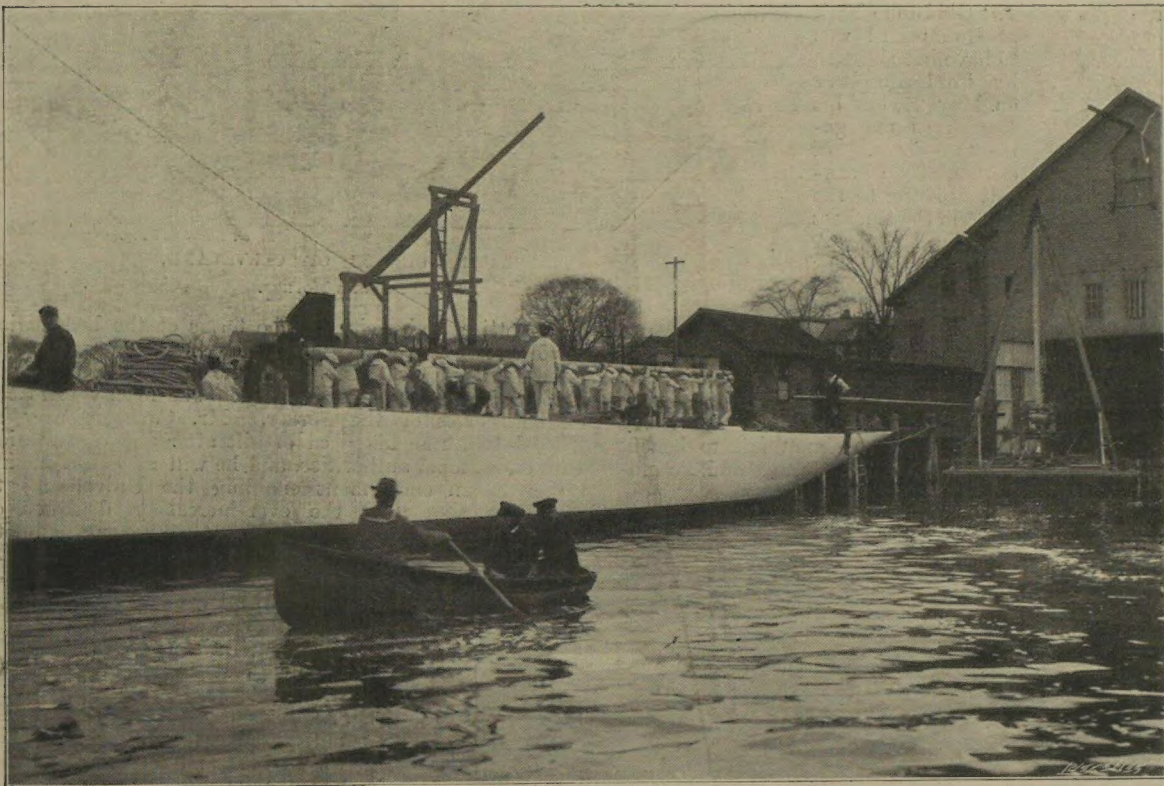


Photo. Burton, New York.

THE CREW OF THE "CONSTITUTION" CARRYING IN THE OREGON PINE TOPMAST TO BE HOUSED IN STEEL MAST.

which occurs in a great gorge of the New England district of New South Wales. The particular point is known as Baker's Creek, and there the gorge falls for almost a sheer 900 ft. To meet the requirements of mine-working, a tramway 1800 ft. long was constructed to the tableland above. There are two lines of rail, up and down, on which the trucks are pulled by a stationary steam-engine. A wire hawser connects the ascending and descending trucks, which are in counterpoise, an arrangement greatly facilitating the labour of traction.

## THE LAUNCH OF THE "EURYALUS."

The armoured cruiser *Euryalus*, which was launched on May 20 at the Naval Construction Works of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, at Barrow, is the latest addition to the type that already comprises the *Cressy*, the *Aboukir*, the *Hogue*, the *Sutlej*, and the *Bacchante*. She is 440 ft. long, 69 ft. beam, has 26 ft. 3 in. draught of water, and carries 1600 tons of coal. Along her broadside is armour 6 in. thick, made and hardened at the company's Sheffield works. Armoured bulkheads 5 in. thick extend across the ship at the extremities of the side armour, forming with it a citadel, or enclosed battery, 230 ft. long, within which are sheltered all the guns and machinery. These guns number thirty-one in all; and they vary from the twenty-eight ton, firing a 380-lb. shot—with a power equal to the sending of one ton weight nearly four miles—to the Maxim, with its power of firing up to three miles range. For the rest, she will have four funnels and two masts, with a top on each mast for carrying search-lights, and with the usual semaphores. Her complement of officers and men is 740. She is the forty-eighth war-ship built or engined in these yards at Barrow. She has 12,000 tons displacement, and a launching weight of about

8000 tons. The ceremony of the naming was performed by Mrs. Douglas Vickers, wife of one of the directors of the company, who was presented with a pearl aigrette as a souvenir of so great an occasion. Between 20,000 and 30,000 people witnessed the launch.

## THE AMERICA CUP DEFENDER.

On both sides of the Atlantic the forthcoming race for the America Cup is anticipated with growing interest as the month of August draws nearer, and the construction and practice of the competing yachts become matters of daily comment and also of daily varying rumour. While *Shamrock II.* is getting her "sea-legs" in the Solent, and has tried her speed against *Shamrock I.* with diverse results, the eyes of American yachtsmen have been turned towards the *Independence* and the *Constitution*, by which the cup is to be defended against Sir Thomas Lipton's attempt to "lift" it. The Belmont Syndicate's *Constitution* was successfully launched more than a fortnight ago at Bristol, Rhode Island. Her length over all is 133 ft., her load water-line 92 ft., her beam 25 ft., her draught 20 ft., her spinnaker-pole 75 ft., and her area of sail 14,300 square feet.

## THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

The Duchess of Cleveland died at Wiesbaden, on Saturday morning last week at the age of eighty-two. She had gone to Wiesbaden for an operation on the eyes, which was successfully carried out. An attack of apoplexy of the heart was the cause of death, which occurred so unexpectedly that she was attended by no relative. Lord Rosebery—her son by her first husband—at once left

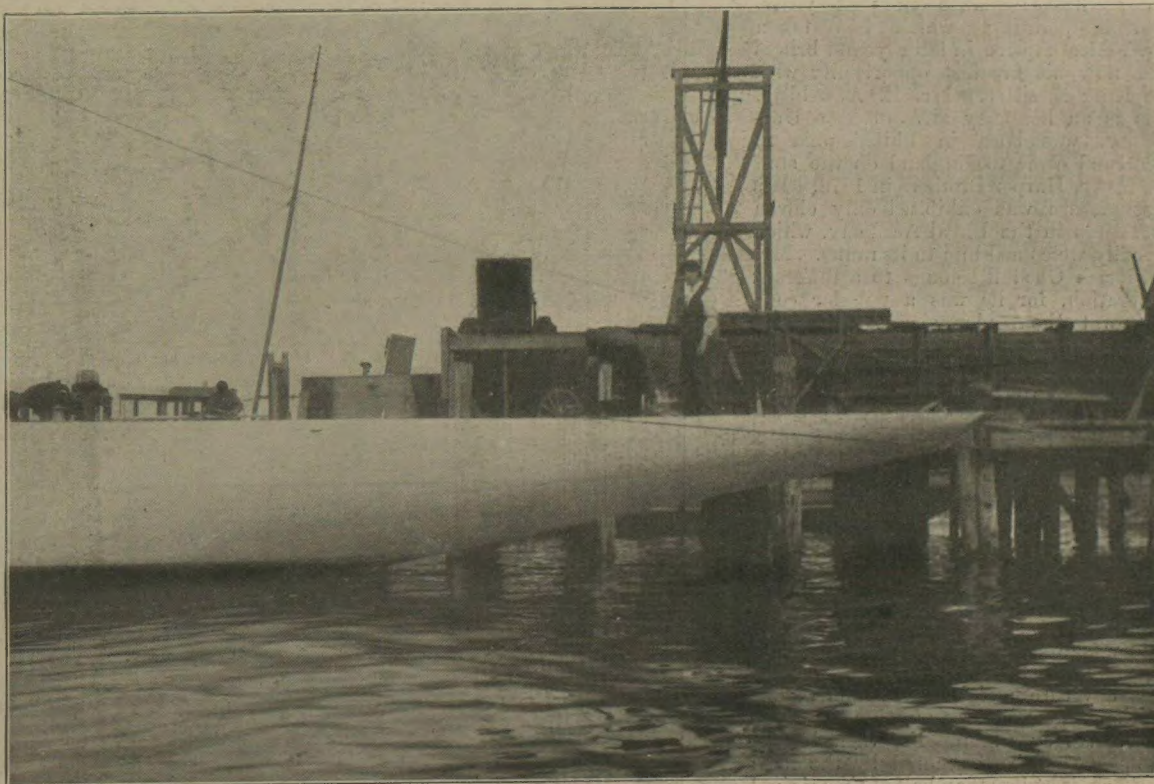


Photo. Burton, New York.

STERN VIEW OF THE "CONSTITUTION."



England to bring her body home for burial. Catherine, only daughter of the fourth Earl Stanhope, was one of Queen Victoria's coronation train-bearers and her bridesmaid. At the time of her marriage with Lord Dalmeny, son of the fourth Earl of Rosebery, she was counted as one

#### BOER PRISONERS' HANDICRAFT.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and one sure to attract a great deal of attention, is a collection of several hundred models carved by the Boer prisoners at Bellevue Camp, Simon's Town, out of packing-cases with ordinary pocket-knives. One cannot help being struck with the originality and ingenuity of many of the models, and considering the tools at the disposal of the prisoners, the workmanship is extremely clever. Here is a design of the wagon, with ten bullocks attached, in which Mr. Kruger left Pretoria, while there is also a model of the cart and horse used by Dr. Leyds. The majority of the exhibits consist of farm stock, although there are several Pom-poms and Long Toms.

#### GLADSTONE PARK.

The Gladstone Park at Dollis Hill was to have been opened by Lord Rosebery on May 25, but his Lordship's engagements have, of course, been cancelled owing to the death of the Duchess of Cleveland. A sum of £6000 has been expended on the new park, and

everything has been done to retain the natural beauty of the situation. Dollis Hill House, which stands on the estate, was for some time occupied by Mark Twain. In one of our Illustrations the great humorist is seen taking a contemplative stroll among its lawns and glades. North-West London cannot fail to benefit by this delightful addition to Queen's Park and Roundwood Park, its already existing open spaces.

#### MR. CARNEGIE AND THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

The absorbing topic of the past week has undeniably been Mr. Andrew Carnegie's munificent gift of £2,000,000 to



THE LATE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND,  
AS BRIDESMAID TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

of the most beautiful women in England. Left a widow in 1851, she married secondly, in 1854, Lord Harry Vane, afterwards Duke of Cleveland.

#### ROYAL ACADEMICIANS AT WORK.

The four photographs of Royal Academicians, taken in their studios, show three of the sitters, if not in the act of painting, at any rate brush in hand. Mr. Briton Rivière holds instead a book—appropriate enough in the case of an artist who did not forsake the study for the studio until he had taken his degree, who is a D.C.L., and, moreover, a brother-in-law of Sydney Dobell, the poet. The studio which Mr. Rivière now occupies with so much distinction is at his house in the Finchley Road.

Mr. Luke Fildes, who is an old pupil of the South Kensington Art Schools, has this year treated the public to one of those studies of Venetian girl life (perhaps as the English eye imagines as well as sees it) which gained him his greatest applause in past years. Portrait-painting, which has taken Mr. Fildes captive in later years, brings him now his greatest opportunity with the King as sitter. Mr. E. A. Abbey, who is an honorary M.A. of Yale University, was born in Philadelphia in 1852, and came to England on the staff of Messrs. Harper Brothers in 1878. His first picture was exhibited only eleven years ago in the Royal Academy, which speedily welcomed him to its ranks. Mr. Frederick Goodall belongs to a different generation, for he was a popular contributor to the Academy before Mr. Abbey was born, and was, indeed, an Associate so long ago as in 1853. His studio and home are in the Avenue Road, Regent's Park.

#### THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The dedication of the Alexandra Palace and Park to the use of the public "for ever" brought together last Saturday afternoon a great concourse of people. In the Central Hall, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Middlesex, performed the ceremony. His Grace, who was greeted with a fanfare by Royal State Trumpeters, said that they stood that day within sight and sound of one of the vastest centres of population the world had ever seen. For their benefit the place had been secured by the local authorities at less than half of the original cost of the buildings, with 170 acres of land in addition. Loud cheers greeted the reading by Mr. Littler, K.C., C.B., of a telegram from Sandringham, saying: "Queen Alexandra wishes the Alexandra Palace every success."



THE DEDICATION OF ALEXANDRA PALACE TO THE PUBLIC, MAY 18:  
"GOD SAVE THE KING!"



THE LATE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND,  
LORD ROSEBERY'S MOTHER.

the Scottish Universities. The terms of the benefaction have not yet been fully stated, and the premature announcement that Mr. Carnegie had virtually made Scottish University education free was keenly criticised on both sides of the Border. Mr. Carnegie may be trusted to frame his deed of gift after due consultation with educational authorities, and he will no doubt incline rather to an endowment enabling the Universities to meet the ever-increasing demands of establishment and equipment, and to help candidates of proved ability, than to a scheme which would open the doors of the colleges to all comers on the simple plea that they were Scotsmen born. We give Illustrations of the colleges of the four great Scottish educational foundations.

St. Andrews, the oldest of the Scottish Universities, was founded by Bishop Wardlaw in 1411 and was confirmed by a Bull of Pope Benedict XIII. in 1413. The United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard date respectively from 1450 and 1512, and that of St. Mary, the most picturesque of St. Andrews Colleges, from 1537. The two first named Societies were united in 1747. Glasgow University was founded by a Bull of Pope Nicholas V. in the year 1450. The foundation-stone of the present splendid building on Gilmour Hill was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1868. Aberdeen University originated in two distinct foundations, Kings College in Old Aberdeen, founded in 1494 by Bishop Elphinstone, and confirmed by a Bull of Pope Alexander VI., and Marischal College in new Aberdeen, founded in 1593 by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal. The two Universities, which had each full powers of granting degrees, were united in 1860. Marischal College has recently been greatly enlarged by the munificence of the late Mr. Charles Mitchell of Elswick. Edinburgh University, the youngest of all the foundations, was founded in 1582 by James VI. Within the last twenty years its buildings have been more than doubled in extent, and its reputation as a school of medicine stands second to none in the kingdom. Some years ago Mr. McEwan presented the magnificent Graduation Hall.

#### M.C.C. v. LEICESTERSHIRE.

Mr. Jessop made 169 runs, off his own bat, in 100 minutes at Lord's during the first innings of the M.C.C. against Leicestershire, played on Thursday last week. The home team, which was victorious by 93 runs at the end of Saturday's play, included also Dr. Conan Doyle, who had very fair fortune in his second innings.



## PERSONAL.

Golf, the pastime in bygone days of the Scottish Kings, has its devotee in our present Sovereign. For his Majesty's enjoyment of the game, a course has just been laid out in the grounds of Windsor Castle. With James I. of England, golf crossed the Border, and in 1608 the first English club established itself at Blackheath. Charles I. and James II. were both enthusiastic players.

Sir Alfred Milner is assured of such a public welcome on his return for a brief holiday as has never been accorded to a Colonial administrator. He will be met at Waterloo by the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary, and will at once proceed to an audience of the King. There is a rumour that a peerage will be conferred on Sir Alfred Milner. Nothing, at any rate, will be lacking to show the national regard for this courageous and clear-sighted statesman.

The appointment of the Very Rev. Francis Paget, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, to be Bishop of Oxford, has been

received with general satisfaction in the diocese, which already knows him well, and which is "High" in its traditions. Dr. Paget, second son of the late Sir James Paget, is fifty years of age. From Shrewsbury he proceeded to Christ Church with a Junior Scholarship. He won the Hertford Scholarship and the Latin verse prize in 1871, and took a First Class both in "Mods" and "Greats." He had been Senior Student

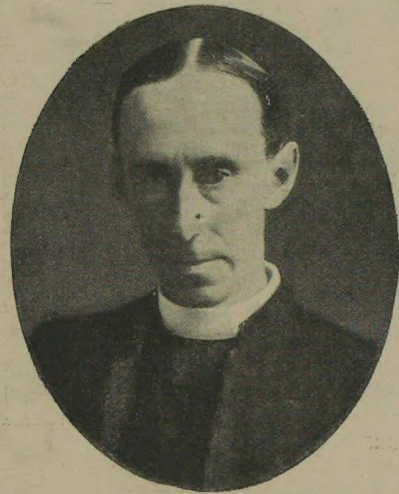


Photo. Russell.

THE VERY REV. DR. FRANCIS PAGET,  
Bishop-Elect of Oxford.

of Christ Church for three years in 1876, when he became Tutor. In 1882 he became Vicar of Broms-grove, and in 1885 was nominated by Mr. Gladstone Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, in succession to Dr. King. He acted as Examining Chaplain to three Bishops; and in 1892, on the resignation of Dr. Liddell, became Dean of Christ Church. The new Bishop has published several volumes, one of which is "The Redemption of War," consisting of addresses delivered to the Oxfordshire Yeomanry.

We have received an interesting little work entitled "Wisdom in Advertising," by Mr. S. H. Benson. The book, of which the format is attractive, may be called the philosophy of prudent advertising, and systematises in a nutshell the best methods to be followed. Mr. Benson has just opened a branch office at 174, Piccadilly, under the management of Mr. John Harris, for the more convenient conduct of his West-End business.

On the afternoon of Thursday, May 16, Sir James W. Szelumper, Mayor of Richmond, unveiled the memorial erected by the townspeople to the late Duchess of Teck. The monument, which takes the form of a drinking-fountain wrought in red granite, has been erected just opposite the gates of Richmond Park. The fountain is in the form of an obelisk which bears on each of its four sides a brass plaque. One of these has a portrait of the late Duchess, another an allegorical group emblematic of charity, while the other two are occupied by decorative designs of water-reeds. No formal intimation had been given of the unveiling, but a considerable number of people assembled to witness the ceremony. Mr. Chancellor, in an appropriate speech, requested the Mayor to unveil the fountain. Sir James Szelumper, after the unveiling had been successfully performed, referred in warm terms to the virtues of the late Duchess. A telegram announcing the event was despatched to the Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Mr. Joseph Osborne, author of "The Horsebreeder's Handbook" and other works, has died at Brighton in his ninety-first year. By turns breeder and owner of racehorses, sporting journalist and author—he was for many years the "Beacon" in *Bell's Life*—he did not allow the excitements often associated with the Turf to interfere with his excellent constitution, and, except for a partial dimming of eyesight, he was in the enjoyment of robust health at the age of four-score years and ten. He bred and owned the successful racers

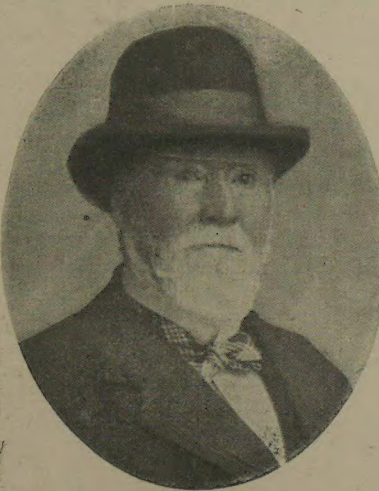


Photo. Hillmer, Brighton.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH OSBORNE,  
Writer on Horsebreeding.

Maria and Mercury, and he won the Grand National two years in succession, 1850 and 1851, with Abd el Kader. His writings on sporting topics and events were those of an expert rather than of a modern "prophet."

Admiral Sir John Edmund Commerell, V.C., G.C.B., who died suddenly this week, was born in London in 1829. Entering the Navy in 1842, he saw service in the Baltic and Gulf of Bothnia, 1854, and at Sebastopol and Sea of Azof. He received the V.C. for hazardous service in the Putrid Sea, and served with distinction in China in 1859-60. He commanded the *Terrible* in 1866, helped to lay the Atlantic Cable, was in command at Cape of Good Hope and West Coast, and received a dangerous wound while reconnoitring up the river Prah. Other dignities and offices followed—he was Naval A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, Groom-in-Waiting, Lord of the Admiralty, Commander-in-Chief of the North

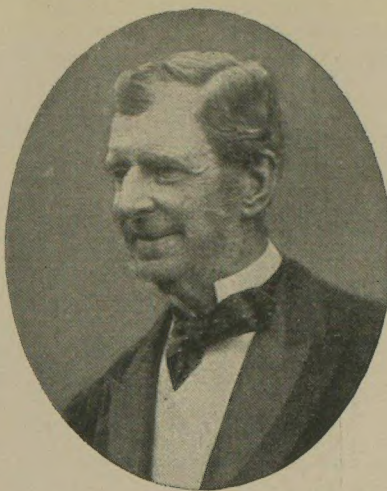


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR J. E. COMMERELL, V.C.,  
Distinguished Naval Officer.

MEMORIAL TO THE DUCHESS OF TECK, UNVEILED AT RICHMOND ON MAY 16.

American Station, and at Portsmouth. He was Conservative member for Southampton towards the end of the 'eighties.

Edward J. Holland, V.C., of Ottawa, Canada, won the Cross at Lilliefontaine last November. It was in a rear-guard action in which Canadian Artillery, Dragoons, and Major "Gat" Howard's machine-gun section took part. The rear-guard was attacked by a larger force of Boers, and Holland had charge of the Colt gun. He kept firing until the Boers were but a few yards away, and only when a bullet clogged the weapon did Holland retire. Loosening the red-hot gun from its carriage, Holland put it under his

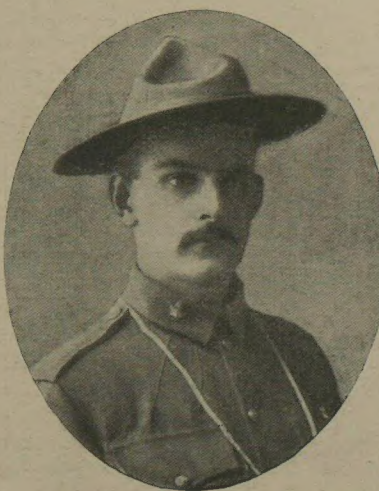


Photo. Moss, Halifax.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD J. HOLLAND,  
Canadian V.C.

arm, ran for his horse, mounted, and escaped. The Boers reached the carriage and turned it towards Holland, but the business part was gone. Holland's act came under the notice of General Smith-Dorrien, who recommended

him for the Cross. He had distinguished himself before. Mr. Holland, who is twenty-three years old, is a Lieutenant in the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards at Ottawa, and is a noted amateur bicyclist and boxer. It is expected that the Duke of Cornwall and York, when he visits Canada, will present the Cross to this gallant officer.

Lord Lovat has utilised his experience in South Africa to make a little speech in the House of Lords. A scout needs a map more than anybody; and the maps of South Africa have been declared by a British General to be a danger rather than a guide to the troops. Lord Raglan's reply that the country is enormous, and that the home Government cannot be expected to make surveys on behalf of the Colonies, hardly carries the discussion much further. If it is the British Government that suffers for want of maps, the British Government should see that maps are made, though they use up all the red tape in Downing Street.

Sir Courtenay Boyle, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, who died on May 19 from failure of the heart's action, was born in Jamaica in 1845, the son of Captain Cavendish Spencer Boyle, of the 72nd Regiment. Sir Courtenay was first cousin to Captain Cecil Boyle, who was killed a year ago at the war, and to Lady Tennyson. At Charterhouse he captained the cricket eleven, and made a Latin speech which Thackeray heard and praised, claiming ever afterwards the youthful orator as a friend. At Oxford he distinguished himself in his studies and his cricket. In his early official life he was private secretary to Earl Spencer, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he was the first to identify the bodies of the murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park. In 1893 he succeeded Sir Henry Calcraft at the Board of Trade. He married, in 1876, Lady Muriel Boyle, sister of the present Earl of Cawdor, and she survives him.



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE SIR COURTENAY BOYLE,  
Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade.

Those who intend to visit Wales, or to take a yachting cruise to the western highlands of Norway, or to the Continent, will find Mr. Henry Gaze's newly issued guide an excellent *vade mecum*.

Echoes of the Dreyfus case have not yet died away, and now we hear that Major Esterhazy is once more in London, prepared to prove the innocence of the former prisoner of the Ile du Diable. In contrast to his former condition, the Major is said to have a well-filled purse and an influential circle of friends.

Mrs. Humphry Ward was one of the guests of the Authors' Club at its ladies' dinner on Monday. Dr. Conan Doyle, who presided, said that "the tone of the profession of authors had been the higher on account of Mrs. Ward's presence in it." Mrs. Ward, speaking for herself, confessed that she "belonged to that band of writers known as novelists with a purpose, who did not always bear a good name." The statement is perhaps a little arbitrary, and Mrs. Ward does not get much nearer the definite in her definition of the writer with a mission as one who "writes within the bounds of beauty and social service."

The Manx Legislature has its own Budget, and Lord Henniker, as Governor of the Isle of Man, is its Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Michael Hicks Beach will be envious, no doubt, when he sees that Lord Henniker has this year at his disposal the largest surplus that it has ever been the lot of a Governor to announce.

Judge Lawford Yate-Lee, who died at his residence, Weatheroak, Alvechurch, Worcester, was born in London in 1838, the eldest son of John Yate-Lee, late of Lincoln's Inn. He was Scholar and Exhibitioner of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and took his degree as twentieth Wrangler. Called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1864, he practised in the Chancery and Bankruptcy Courts till 1896, when he was appointed to the County Court Judgeship of the Macclesfield district, in succession to Judge Hughes. The Law of Bankruptcy and Imprisonment for Debt was treated by him in a book which takes rank as a standard work of reference. His Honour married, in 1868, Emma Marian, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Wilton Dashwood.

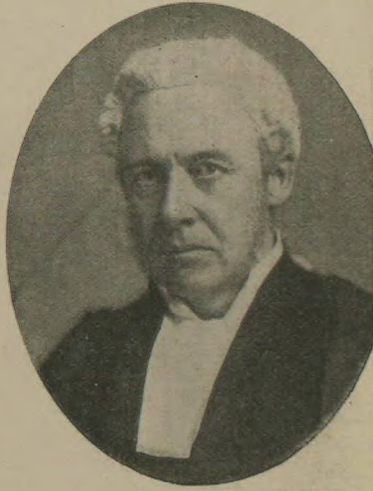


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE JUDGE YATE-LEE,  
Authority on Bankruptcy Law.



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S GIFT OF £2,000,000 TO THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

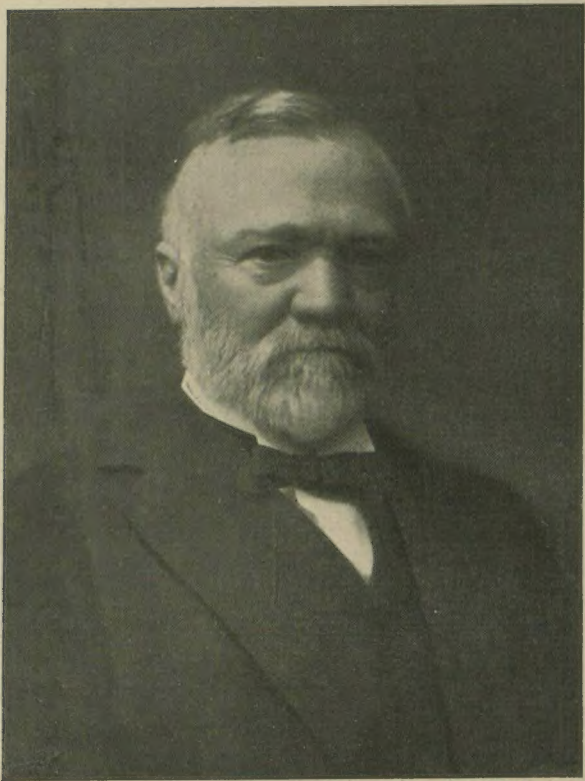


Photo. W. Crooke, Edinburgh.  
MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

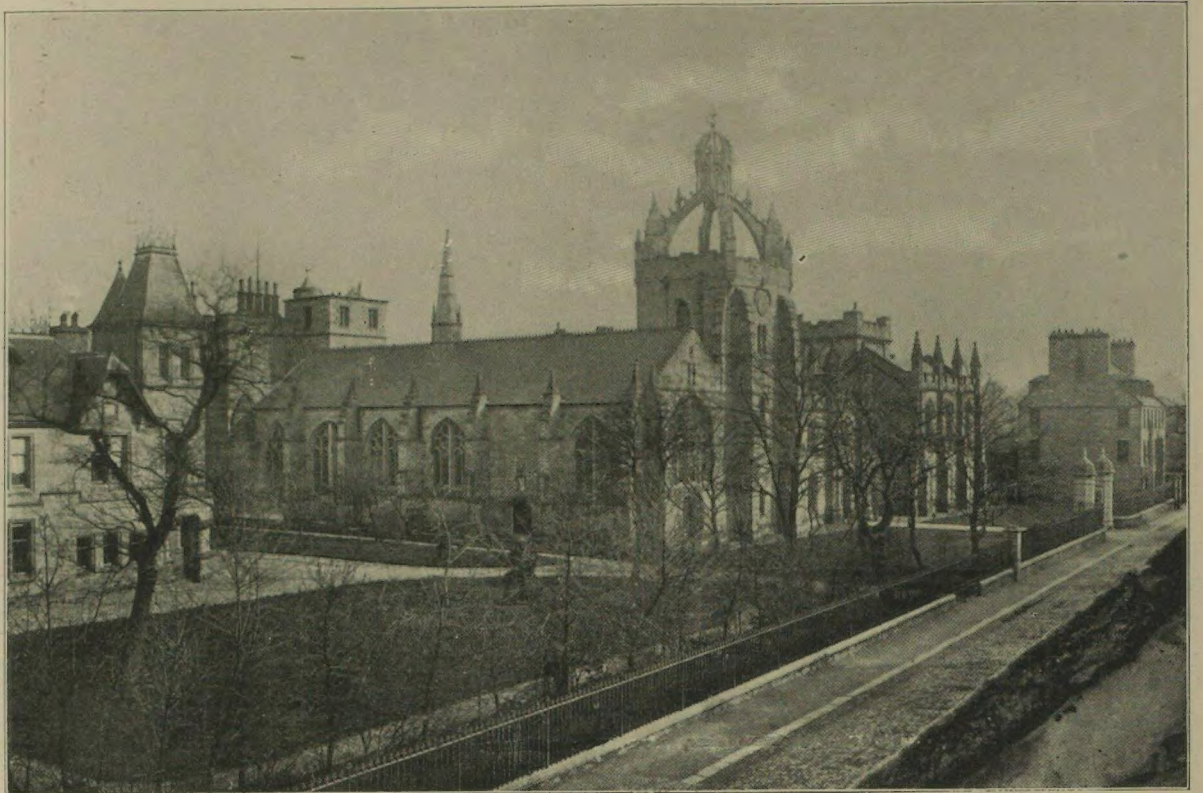


Photo. Valentine.  
ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY: KING'S COLLEGE.

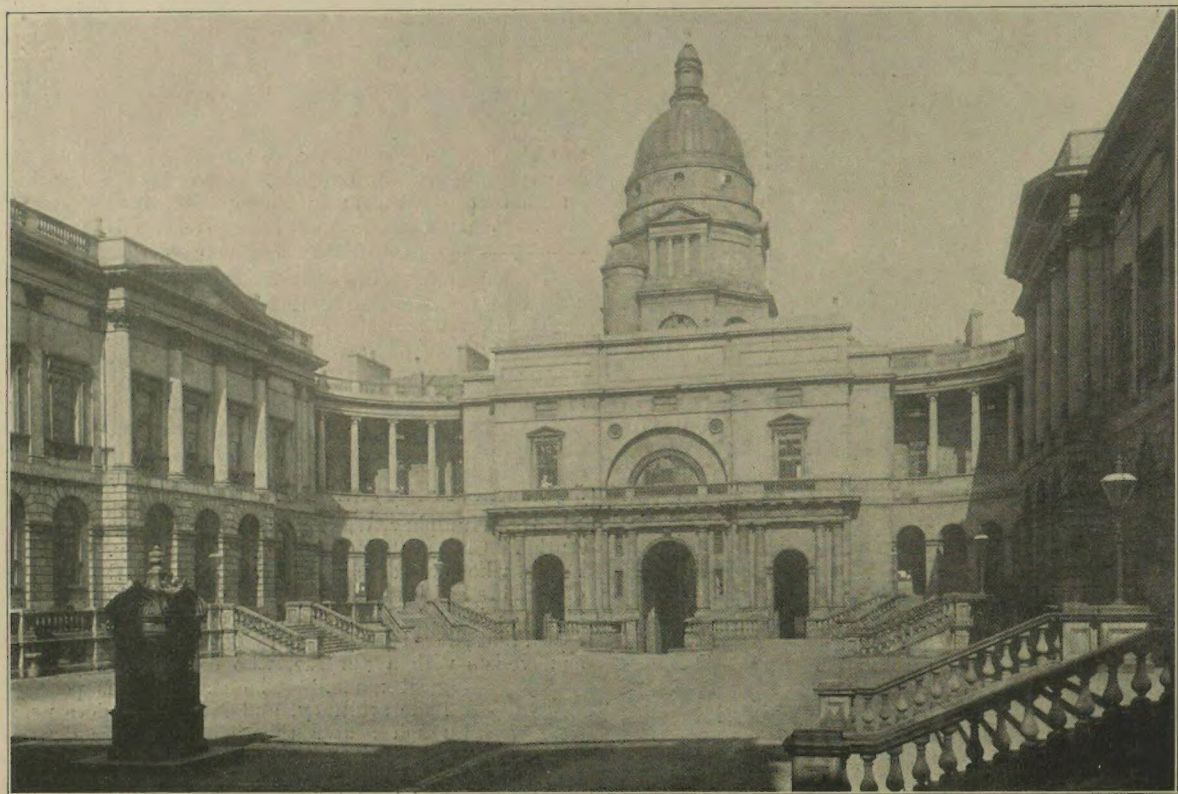


Photo. Frith.  
EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: THE QUADRANGLE AND DOME, SURMOUNTED BY THE FIGURE OF "YOUTH."



Photo. Valentine.  
ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,  
WITH QUEEN MARY'S TREE.



ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY: MARISCHAL COLLEGE  
AND THE MITCHELL TOWER.



Photo. Frith.  
GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.



# THE BLACKSMITH'S AUNT.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.



Illustrated by A. Forestier.

IT was soon after we came to Saybourne that Miss Stone, our village schoolmistress, said to me—

"There is Mrs. Wynne, Ma'am, the blacksmith's aunt; I believe she would be gratified if you called on her. She does not come from these parts, and she's more educated and that than most Saybourne people."

So I called on Mrs. Wynne.

I found her in a pretty house on the right of the road that crossed the bottom of the village: a tall, erect woman with a pleasant face.

There was nothing special to note in Mrs. Wynne's parlour except that it possessed a well-filled bookcase, and that it showed an absence of ordinary cottage ornaments. But the mistress of the parlour was remarkable. Strongly built and well made, she had once doubtless had a blue-eyed, fair-haired, Juno sort of beauty; now, though she did not look more than sixty, she had evidently lost her teeth: her mouth fell in a little on both sides, and her nose and chin were nearer together than nature had intended. I was impressed by her manner of receiving me: it was courteous but thoroughly independent. She spoke of the beauty of the village and of the pleasure her nephew found in his new employment.

"It is new to him, then?"

"Quite so. His great wish was to be a soldier, but there was this difficulty: he did not care for the apprentice time he must pass in the ranks till he obtained a grade. And neither his means nor his position fits him for a commission; at least, he thinks so: he is a very modest man, you will find, Madam."

"He's a very fine fellow; he looks more like a soldier than a blacksmith."

She looked keenly at me.

"I don't mind telling you, strictly between ourselves, that my Harry has his reasons. I call him 'my Harry,' for I've cared for him ever since he lost his parents. My brother and his wife died years ago, and I, being widowed, was glad to have the little fellow to myself. There aren't many like him, Madam, and that's the truth."

She looked handsome when she spoke of her nephew: her eyes glowed; her whole face was radiant.

"He is fortunate in having you to care for him, as he is unmarried."

The glow faded; she became pale, and looked years older.

"Yes, he is unmarried." She paused, as if she had more to say.

Each time I had seen the handsome young blacksmith I felt sure he had a story; there was so much sadness in his eyes.

Mrs. Wynne went on slowly: "He's too good, he never suspects anyone; naturally, he has been deceived. Men like Harry look on girls as innocent angels, and give themselves over for a prey to those who are more like devils."

The animus in her tone surprised me.

"Did he make a bad choice?"

"I don't know how I came to talk about it, but as you ask I will just say, he could not have done worse. The girl was a fool, not much either in the way of looks; quite inferior to him, without a penny. Worst of all, she was carrying on with another man."

She leaned back, and looked exhausted.

I can't tell why I felt contradictory. I wished I could see the girl, and judge for myself: there had been decided acrimony in Mrs. Wynne's tone.

She must have been conscious of it. She presently said graciously—

"I suppose I have a dislike to Peggy, and you'll say it's but natural when I tell you all. Just when Harry first met with the girl, he was beginning to care for a sensible woman, who would have helped him up in the world, and would have made him an excellent wife."

"Was she older than your nephew?"

She looked surprised.

"I wonder why you guessed that? She was older than Harry, but only a year or two."

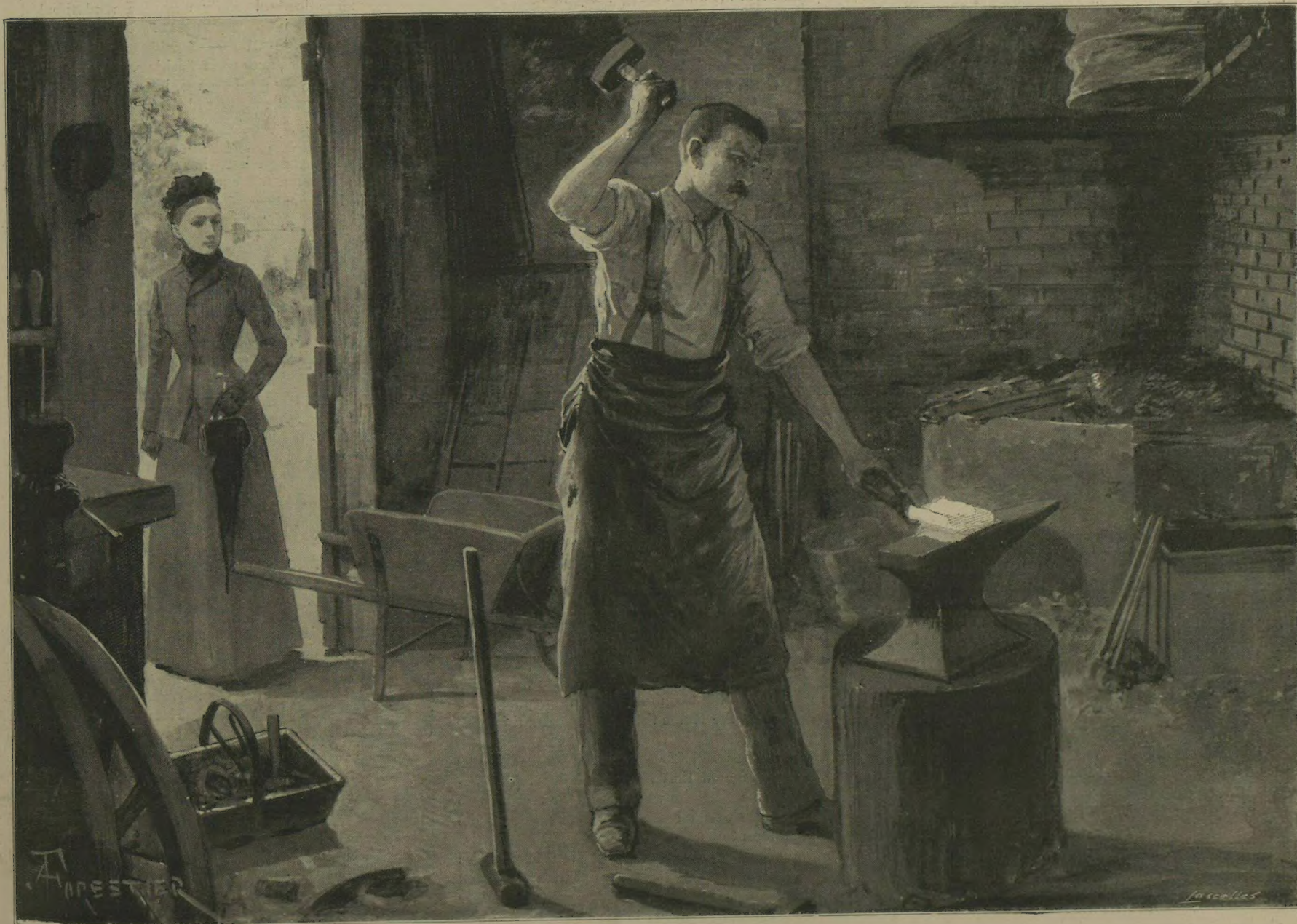
"And has Peggy married?"

"I cannot tell you; she went away, and we heard no more of her. I'm afraid she went to the bad. She nearly broke my Harry's heart, so I can't forgive her. He'll not hear of any other woman, though Agnes Morris worships the ground he walks on. He was learning how to farm; he might soon have been fit for a bailiff; but when he found out about Peggy, he—he gave it all up, and brought me here, and we've stayed. He said he must have change and real hard work; he finds that hammering on the anvil is good for him."

Mrs. Wynne was certainly a notable woman; but as I walked back to the Rectory I wondered a good deal about her story; I also wondered whether her nephew would give the same version of it.

## II.

Time went by. Mrs. Wynne was much looked up to by the villagers; even Tryphena Woods considered herself honoured by her notice. Harry was popular with the



Instead of answering, he went back to his anvil.



men who gathered in the evening at the Flitch; though Robins, the landlord, thought him too much of a teetotaler. I believe the fine-looking blacksmith was generally regarded as a woman-hater. However, just at that time there were few young women in Saybourne; most of them were in service, either domestic or behind counters in London.

One day I was passing the forge. Harry stood in the doorway, resting from his work.

I stopped. After a little chat I said, "I know girls don't interest you, but I want to know the name of one I just now met in your road? She is a stranger to me; she was going to your house, I fancy."

He looked interested.

"What like was she, Ma'am? Was she tall or short?"

"Neither; about middle height. She had a fair, delicate face, and was shy-looking."

Instead of answering, he went back to his anvil, caught up his pincers, and fetching a bit of iron out of the red heat, began to hammer on it.

Meanwhile the girl I had met stopped at the blacksmith's house; she asked the maid who answered her knock whether she could see Mrs. Wynne.

"My name is Peggy Mordaunt," she said.

The message disturbed Mrs. Wynne, but she presently said the visitor might be shown in.

The slim girl fixed her frightened sweet blue eyes on Mrs. Wynne, and went up to greet her.

The woman had risen; she curtsied, but kept both hands clasped at her waist.

"Don't you know me, Mrs. Wynne?" the girl said timidly. "I've had a long illness, but surely I'm not so very much altered?"

"Have you been ill?" Mrs. Wynne put out her hand. "You're not at all altered, Peggy; I've not seen you these two years, but I should have known you anywhere. I was only doubtful whether you came in a friendly spirit. People look at things from such different standpoints, but I acted for the best, my girl, in that matter. I hope you're doing well for yourself?" She said this in a patronising tone. "May I ask where you have been all this while?" She stared hard into the shy blue eyes.

"I have been with my old uncle in Norwich; he is an invalid. I was with him when Agnes Morris sent for me."

Surprise mastered Mrs. Wynne. She changed colour.

"What could Agnes Morris want with you?"

All this while Mrs. Wynne had not asked her visitor to sit; and there were reasons why Peggy would not seat herself unasked.

"Please sit down."

Mrs. Wynne was extremely ill at ease; she wanted to dismiss her visitor; but she shrank from the risk of letting her go into the village. She might possibly meet Harry there.

"You may not have heard the news about Agnes?" Peggy said, as she seated herself.

"I have not heard."

"Two days ago she died." Mrs. Wynne shivered. "I stayed with her to the end. She saw a clergyman. She said I was to go to you at once, and tell you she was gone."

Mrs. Wynne stretched out her firm, plump hand.

"I don't want to hear any more. Poor Agnes has not been in her right mind for some time past, and her illness, no doubt, robbed her of the wits she had left."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Wynne; Agnes was quite herself. I was so puzzled by what she told me that I asked the doctor. He said no one could be more collected and sensible. He told the lawyer the same when he came to alter Miss Morris's will."

"Altered her will, did she? Poor fool!" Mrs. Wynne said.

Her tone alarmed Peggy. She had thought Harry's aunt a cold, formal woman; but her voice seemed full of hatred.

This self-revelation made the girl's dreaded task less difficult. Peggy Mordaunt was neither clever nor quick-witted; she was, however, good and truthful, and something now warned her to be less candid than she had meant to be with Harry's aunt. She determined not to tell that Agnes Morris had left money to her.

"I must give the message, Mrs. Wynne, because I promised. Agnes told me to say that Harry had never cared for her, never even said that he cared. She said she did care for him, but that was your doing. You persuaded her that your nephew wished to marry her, and to break with me. That day I saw him coming out of her house, she said you had sent him there on business, and that he never came again. You remember what you told me about his constant visits to Miss Morris?"

"Harry never did care for you. You don't know much about men, girl, or you'd have found out how changeable they are."

Her voice was very cruel. Peggy sat a few minutes silent. She wanted to tell the rest of the dead woman's message, but Mrs. Wynne's manner frightened her.

"Have you something more to say?" the contemptuous voice went on, "or did you come all this way to tell me Agnes is dead?"

With all her cleverness, Mrs. Wynne did not understand the girl.

The stinging tone roused Peggy. She looked up with brightened eyes.

"I have more to tell, Mrs. Wynne. Agnes bid me say that what troubled her in dying was that she had consented to—to injure an innocent person. She did not name names. She said: 'For her own soul's sake, bid Mrs. Wynne remedy the evil and clear the innocent, before it is too late!'"

The girl's eyes fastened on the unmoved face before her, as though they would force out the secret so carefully guarded.

Mrs. Wynne, however, gave no sign that she understood.

"The poor soul must have been dreaming," she said at last.

"No, she was wide awake; she was very urgent. She advised me to see Harry too, and tell him all the truth."

For a few moments Mrs. Wynne sat silent, then she smiled very graciously.

"Do as you like. You'll find him at his forge; but it seems unkind to worry him just when he's so happy. Poor Agnes is saved the misery of knowing that he is really settled at last. After the wedding I shall leave the young people for a time, perhaps altogether; the air here is too keen for me."

Peggy had grown white to her lips.

"Do you mean it, Mrs. Wynne, or are you——"

Mrs. Wynne's quick ears heard heavy footsteps coming down the road.

"If you doubt me, Miss Mordaunt, go yourself to the Rectory; anyone will direct you. Just ask the Rector who Harry Ensor is going to marry."

Peggy could not speak; she sat trembling.

"Better still. Ask Harry himself; I hear him in the road."

Peggy rose at once.

"I must go; I cannot meet him. Have you no back way out? I must get away before he comes," she cried out.

Mrs. Wynne went to the window. Harry had nearly reached the gate.

"You can go upstairs." She opened the door. "Stay in my bed-room till I come for you; it is just overhead."

### III.

Mrs. Wynne seemed to age very quickly. Her clear skin became sallow; in a few weeks her hair turned completely grey; there was, too, a look of keen suffering in her eyes.

When I went to inquire for her, I noticed all this. She had not been at church for several Sundays; we feared the poor woman was really ill. She, however, laughed off my inquiries, said it was only my fancy, and that she had never felt better. To prove this she began to talk flippantly, and told me an amusing story about Tryphena Woods.

When I reached home, I said to Raymond—

"I wish you'd go and see Mrs. Wynne; she looks sadly ill, but will not own that she is so. I believe she is in some deep trouble or sorrow. Anyway, I should like to know whether you see the great change in her that I do."

A few days later, as we passed the forge, Harry came out and asked to speak to us. He said he was anxious about Mrs. Wynne—she seemed to be wasting away, and yet she declared herself quite well, and refused to consult Dr. Dacre. Raymond said he would call, and as we went back he left me at the end of the village; but when he reached the blacksmith's house the maid said her mistress was too busy to see anyone.

It must have been a good while later that I met Harry one morning at the Rectory gate. I guessed something was wrong, for he was always at his forge in the morning.

"My aunt is very bad. I've sent the doctor to her, and he bid me come to you, Ma'am. He said you'd help me find a nurse."

"What is the matter?"

"She fainted off while we were having breakfast. Since she came to she has fallen into a high fever. She won't go to bed, and she talks strangely. I want to get a nurse as quick as I can—if you will tell me where to go for one."

I said I would drive over to Exton and get a nurse for him. Meantime, he had better stay with Mrs. Wynne.

He thanked me, and I saw in his eyes the unquiet fear which his aunt's changed appearance had awakened in me. He said he preferred that the nurse should not be a Saybourne woman.

I felt a little nervous about finding a suitable person. The nurses at the Home attached to the Cottage Hospital on this side of Exeter were thought much of, and were often engaged. To-day I was fortunate—there was one at home. I drove on to the town and made a few purchases. When I returned to the Home the nurse stood waiting for me at the gate.

By the time I reached Mrs. Wynne's house she was worse. Dr. Dacre feared that she would develop brain-fever. He told me that she would probably require two nurses, as her illness would last several weeks, should she prove strong enough to battle against it.

"The wandering will increase," he said. "I see it tries poor Ensor terribly, so I sent him back to his forge and waited till you came with the nurse. I'm afraid the poor sick woman has something on her mind."

At the end of several weeks, to the surprise of everyone, Mrs. Wynne began to recover. The answer to

inquiries was, however, that she was not well enough to see anyone.

I asked Dr. Dacre how his patient was, and he answered that she was well enough to see visitors, and also to go away for the short change he had advised.

"She's a strange woman; there's more in her case than meets the eye, Mrs. Harte." He went away shrugging his shoulders.

It was noticed that, with Mrs. Wynne's recovery, the stalwart blacksmith had completely lost his looks. He was sad and depressed; he scarcely took any notice of old friends when they stopped to greet him at the forge.

One evening he went home earlier than usual. He was told supper would not be ready for an hour or so. Instead of lighting his pipe and taking his usual smoke in the arbour, where a white-blossomed passion-flower shone star-like in the twilight, Harry walked from his own snuggerly across the entrance-passage into the parlour.

His aunt sat at the table writing by lamplight. She evidently had not heard his arrival; for she started when she saw him, and turned over the sheet of notepaper before her.

"You took me by surprise, Harry."

"Did I?" His voice was very grave. "I have been waiting all these weeks to say something special to you. I have reason to know that I may now speak to you."

He meant by this that he had asked Dr. Dacre whether he might speak to his aunt on a subject likely to pain her. The doctor had answered that she was strong enough to bear it.

Harry saw her fingers tremble as she placed the notepaper in her writing-case and locked it. She spoke, however, cheerfully—

"Whatever can be ailing you, dear boy? You look as glum as a mute."

"I am more than glum; I am miserably unhappy. I have been sorely wanting this talk, but I feared to hinder your recovery. Now you must answer me!" He spoke abruptly, almost savagely; he craved intensely for the light which he knew she had power to give him.

Her eyes glittered. Presently, with a forced laugh—

"You must question me before I can answer. Why need you look so tragic?"

For answer he drew a letter from his pocket, and placed it before her on the table.

Mrs. Wynne turned it over, saw it was sealed, and that the seal was unbroken. She unlocked her writing-case, and was putting the letter in it, but Harry held her arm.

"That letter is from Peggy. You will read it at once; I must know what is in it."

She rose up and tried to free her arm. His grasp tightened; she winced with the pain he gave her.

"You are brutal! Why should I read the letter to you? It cannot interest you now. You know very well that the girl took up with——"

"Stop!" His eyes were flashing. "In many ways you have been very good to me, but that does not justify you. I have good reason to believe that of set purpose you destroyed my happiness because you wanted me to marry Agnes Morris. Let me have that letter!"

She quickly passed it to her right hand and glanced at the postmark.

"This letter came a fortnight ago. Why has it been kept back from me?"

"When it came, you were too weak to bear a discussion, so I wrote. I will be frank with you. I am sure that Peggy has been here to see you, to urge you to confess the truth. You brooded over the refusal you gave her, and your remorse flew to your brain. Ask the nurse who sat beside you what your ravings told her; told me, too, when I relieved her watch."

She stared at him, while she held the letter firmly clasped; but the smile she forced was sickly.

"Why, Harry, you must be off your head, to talk such nonsense. People are not accountable for the fancies they rave about in fever. I'm ashamed of you!" she ended passionately.

She felt that her strength was exhausted, but she would not yield. Hitherto she had been successful in duping her nephew, why not to the end?

"A man is such a fool," she told herself—"like a bull in a net; only hold the net tight enough, and he caves in."

Harry stood looking as if he would draw her secret out of her by the power of his eyes.

"You had best give me that letter; if not, I shall take it."

She had never seen him like this; he looked hard as a stone. She was growing giddy. Without her own will she sank into the chair behind her. Harry bent forward, and took the letter from her hand.

"I will read it to you." He broke the seal and began—

Mrs. Wynne,—I hear that you are ill; I am sorry, but not surprised at the news. Agnes Morris said, remorse for the part she had acted began the illness of which she died. She held you in part answerable for what she suffered, because you forbade her to confess, or make atonement for what she did to harm me with Harry. Even though you are ill, I must tell you I fear you did not take to heart the warning I gave you in the summer—the dying message I brought you from Agnes Morris. I say this because I think you spoke falsely when you said Harry was going to be married. But for that falsehood, I should have done what Agnes bade me do." She said,



"Seek out Harry himself; he was always true and loyal. Tell him your own story, and if he doubts, tell him what I did. A woman does not lie when she is going to meet her God."

I ask you, Mrs. Wynne, to do this for me: send me just a few words, say, "Come to us, Peggy," and I will forgive all and forget that you ever tried to spoil our lives.

PEGGY MORDAUNT.

Tears were in the blacksmith's eyes as he looked at Mrs. Wynne. She seemed insensible as she lay white and rigid in her chair; but Harry felt hardened against her. He folded the letter, placed it on her writing-case, so that her eyes might fall on it when she opened them. He called for the maid, bade her see to her mistress, and then went out.

He walked rapidly on in the fast-growing darkness, till he was a couple of miles away. At first righteous anger so possessed him that he could not think. His anger was not only against Mrs. Wynne; he was terribly angry with the dolt, the blind fool, he called himself. He had believed his aunt's words because he thought her too good a woman to coin deceit. Even now, in spite of the revelations to which he had listened, it was hard to credit that such a woman, excellent, indeed, in the world's eye, could have invented

North of England—difficult business, so that he had scanty time to think of his trouble. When he next saw his aunt she told him that Peggy and Stephen had both gone away, it was said to Australia. He satisfied himself by inquiry at her lodging that Peggy was there no longer. No one could tell him where she was.

In the first shock of his disappointment he resolved to find for himself some harder work than farming. He heard by accident of the Saybourne forge. His aunt begged to share his new home. He preferred to be alone, but it was hard to refuse her, though a few months later he quarrelled with her because she asked Agnes Morris to pay them a visit. He turned fiercely on Mrs. Wynne, and said if ever she brought that woman in his way they must separate: the sight of Miss Morris was hateful to him.

His aunt had upbraided him with his ingratitude. She told him that Agnes loved him dearly, and that she had much more money than was generally supposed. At this he turned away in disgust: he had begun to hate women. If Peggy Mordaunt could deceive, then no other could be trusted. And so he went on, till his aunt fell so suddenly ill. One night he sent the nurse to lie down, and sat

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London is now settled at Fulham Palace, where the examination of candidates for the Trinity Ordination is taking place this week.

More candidates have come forward for the vacant Rectory of St. Olave, Hart Street, than even for the recently filled benefice of St. Peter's, Cornhill. St. Olave's, which was held for forty years by the late Dr. Povah, is in the hands of seven trustees, who must be unanimous in their choice. The parish is a very small one, and the income is about £1000 a year, with residence.

The Church of Scotland has had a satisfactory financial year. The income amounted to £208,228, an increase of £7187, and the total amount raised for all purposes was £515,432, an increase of £22,616. The war has not in any way diminished the liberality of Scottish Churchmen.

The Church of England Temperance Society held its meetings last week. The Rev. H. Russell Wakefield presided at a very successful gathering at Grosvenor House, and on Saturday the eighth great Festival of the London C.E.T.S. was held at the Crystal Palace. The chief guests



*She stared at him while she held the letter firmly clasped.*

the tale which had destroyed the character of the girl he loved and his own happiness.

His aunt had said he would fling himself away if he married Peggy Mordaunt, because she was the sweetheart of another man; and that man, Stephen Hollar, was a profligate fellow, a man he disliked and despised.

Harry refused to believe the slander, and then his aunt referred him to Miss Morris for confirmation. Miss Morris was almost a stranger to him, but he knew that she was well thought-of, and she held a good position in the county town in which his aunt lived. He only went home occasionally, the farm on which he was engaged being a few miles away.

He called on Miss Morris, and she confirmed his aunt's story. It seemed to him now that he must have been crazy even to listen to a stranger's word against his Peggy. Mrs. Wynne said that once when she and Miss Morris had been spending the evening with a friend, they both saw Peggy Mordaunt on Stephen Hollar's arm, go with him through the village. Miss Morris unwillingly affirmed this.

Harry came out of her house in a mad fury. He saw Peggy shortly after; he would not speak to her, he could not answer for what he might say. Without returning to his aunt, he went back to the farm. Fate was against him. He found business waiting which took him at once to the

watching beside Mrs. Wynne. She suddenly raised herself and looked wildly at him.

"Must I pay the full price?" she cried out; "must I die because I slandered Peggy? The simple, blue-eyed fool was as innocent of evil as a baby." Her wild laughter seemed to freeze him as he sat beside the bed.

He questioned the nurse next morning without betraying himself. He learned that the sick woman raved about a message brought her by Peggy, and her own terror lest Harry should find out the truth. The doctor had just pronounced Mrs. Wynne convalescent when Peggy's letter arrived.

Harry had found it hard to resist his longing to open this letter. He waited, however. Now that he knew the truth, he asked himself whether Peggy would forgive him.

It was very late before he turned homewards. The house was in complete darkness.

Harry had meant to rise sooner than usual, but he slept very heavily.

When he came downstairs, the maid said she was to tell him that Mrs. Wynne had left by an early train, that she had packed her trunks, and had left the address to which they could be sent. But Harry's thoughts were filled with Peggy. He had noted the address on her letter, and his one idea was to reach Norwich with as little delay as possible, to implore forgiveness from the girl who had been so cruelly wronged.

THE END.

were Mr. St. John Brodrick, M.P. (Secretary of State for War), and the Bishops of London and Kensington. Lady Hilda Brodrick presented the prizes won in the examinations, for which 4000 children competed.

The Bishops of Rochester and Suffolk and Mr. Arthur Balfour are promoting a memorial to the late Rev. Brooke Lambert, for twenty years Vicar of Greenwich. Besides placing a stained-glass window and suitable tablet in the church, the friends of the late Vicar desire to endow the living, which at present has a far too scanty income. It is hoped to raise a really substantial sum for this purpose, but less than £1000 has been collected at the time of writing.

The annual meeting of the University Mission to Central Africa takes place this week, as the *Church Times* remarks, under somewhat depressing circumstances. It is now over two years since the Nyasa staff was augmented by any priest. The European staff in the diocese has dropped from twenty-five in 1899 to seventeen in the present year, and yet Bishop Hyne writes: "Never since I joined the Mission do I remember a time more full of promise for the future."

The Bishop of London will preach the Ramsden Sermon at Cambridge on Sunday, and at night will address a meeting of undergraduates on behalf of the S.P.G.—V.



# THE CRICKETING SEASON OF 1901.





DEDICATION OF THE ALEXANDRA PALACE TO THE PUBLIC, MAY 18: SCENES IN THE GROUNDS.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.



1. THE LAKE.

2. IN THE PARK.

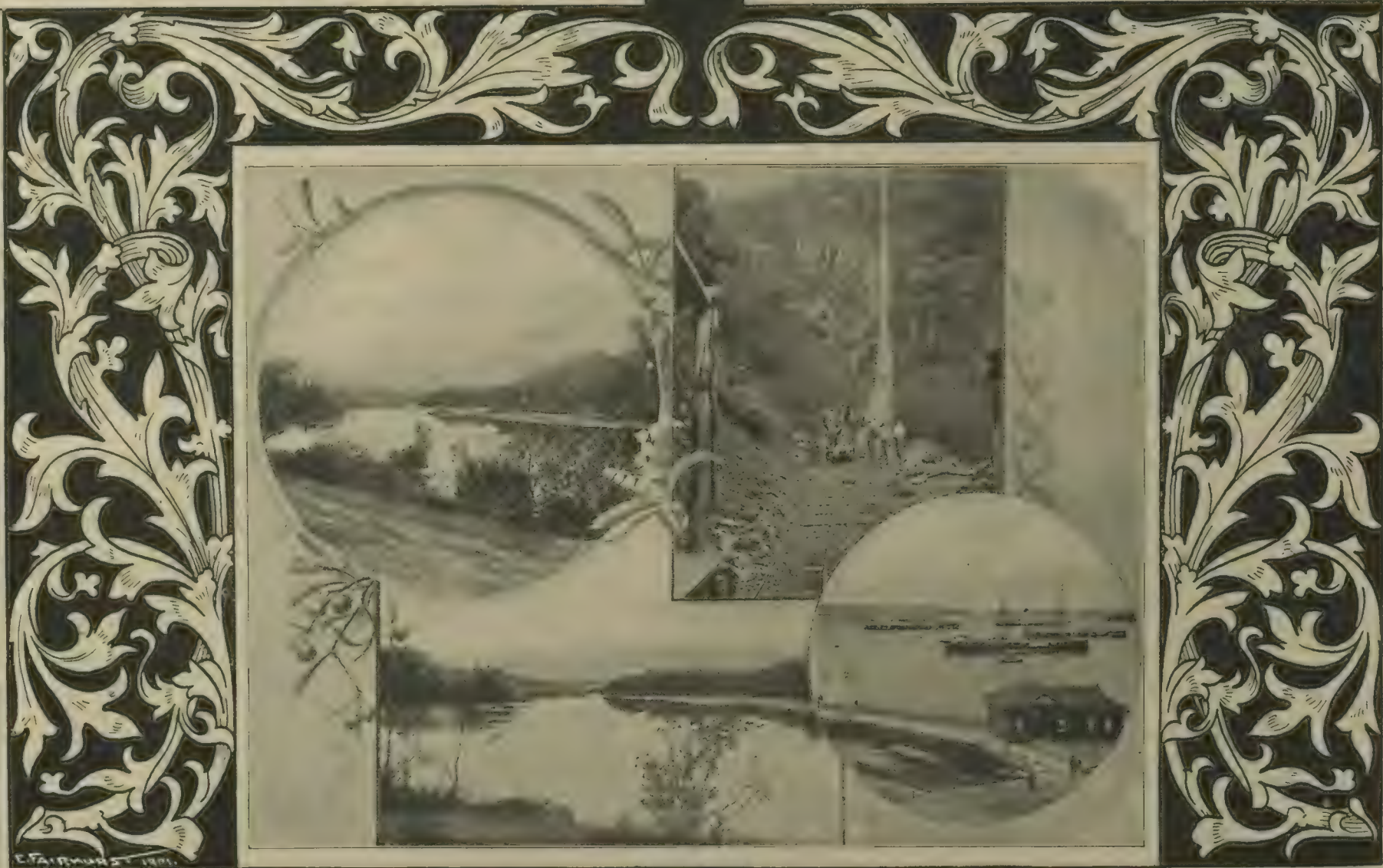
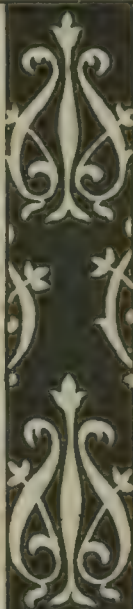
3. THE PALACE FROM THE LAKE.

4. THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE.



# THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK'S TOUR: SCENES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIA," PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. GORDON AND GOTCH.



1. The Town Hall, Sydney.  
2. The Botanical Gardens, Sydney.  
3. In the Kiama District: Evening.

4. The West Sunlight Incline with Tramway, rising for 300 feet.  
5. In the Kiama District: Evening.  
6. Man-o'-War Steps, Sydney, the Rendezvous for British War-Vessels in the Pacific.

7. Government House, Sydney.  
8. The Circular Quay, Sydney.



FOUR ROYAL ACADEMICIANS IN THEIR STUDIOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.



MR. BRITTON RIVIERE, R.A.  
MR. EDWIN ABBEY, R.A.

MR. LUKE FILDERS, R.A.  
MR. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.





HOLIDAY VISITORS TO WINDSOR CASTLE: THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

Painted by J. S. B. 1899.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Under the Redwoods.* By Bret Harte. (London: Pearson. 6s.)  
*Eyes Like the Sea.* By Maurus Jokai. London: Jarrold. 6s.)  
*From a Swedish Homestead.* By Selma Lagerlöf. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)  
*Street Dust.* By Ouida. (London: White. 3s. 6d.)  
*The Love-Letters of Prince Bismarck.* Edited by Prince Herbert Bismarck. English Translation. (London: Heinemann. 20s.)  
*Life of the Emperor Frederick.* Edited from the German of Margaretha von Poschinger. With an Introduction by Sidney Whitman. (London: Harper Brothers. 16s.)  
*Efficiency and Empire.* By Arnold White. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Earl's Head.* By Carlton Dawe. (London: Ward, Lock. 6s.)

"Under the Redwoods" is the kind of book we have learned to expect from Mr. Bret Harte. Here are the gulches, the bars, the canyons of his earliest stories; here are the same primitive types of humanity interwoven with the "Kernel" and the "Judge"; here, when one bully faces another, Bill's hand makes a stealthy movement to his hip-pocket, and Jake quietly covers him with a six-shooter, saying, "Drop that, pard!" Jake also says "euchred" and "my eyards" with the playful humour which we are to suppose characteristic of the Californian "under the redwoods." To tell the truth, Mr. Bret Harte's repetitions have become a little tiresome. Though a careful workman, he has always been limited in range. We have still the same old types, the same old scenes. His work is "localised." Now, an attack has been made on the "localised" novel of late—not very justly, perhaps. Every great book must be both local and universal, true to its particular scene and also true to general humanity. Homer is full of local colour, and we may point out that the older a great book is, the more valuable does its local colour become, as bringing back for us a vanished past. The "localised" novel is all very well, then, if it displays a large and generous knowledge of humanity. Therein lies the deficiency of Mr. Bret Harte. He is quite wanting in a various knowledge of humanity, in the sense that Balzac had it, for example; and because of that defect, when he writes a new book of stories he is forced to rearrange his old characters and simply give them new names. Not that this is an unworthy book; but it is far from being great fiction.

Each novel of Jokai seems better than the one before. When we read "The Baron's Sons" we thought it his masterpiece, but "Eyes Like the Sea" has an even finer quality. Sometimes the imagination of Jokai is too Oriental: it dazzles as well as delights us by its strangeness. The playful humour of his homelier scenes can find no place when he is describing bizarre and terrible encounters; but in this book that humour has full play, and for two reasons. It relates to himself, and he looks back upon the arduous of his youth with the smiling melancholy of a wise old age. And because it relates to himself and his own early struggles, it is concerned with homely incidents and scenes to which a playful humour is more natural than to some of his wilder and more tragic tales. Not that the wild and tragic is wanting in this brave romance. It is laid in his favourite period, the Hungarian Rebellion of 1848, and contains those scenes of desperate battle and desperate escape which Jokai can so well supply. But all through we seem admitted to a homely intimacy with the man which allows of laughter and cheeriness whenever the stress of the action is slightly relieved. Intimacy, indeed, is the great note of the book, for it is largely a transcript of the author's own experience. It has all the charm of an autobiography. More, the scenes and characters seem to stand out from the page with a vividness and a reality which belong rather to personal knowledge than creative fancy; we feel that even Jokai, with all his wealth of imagination, could not have described them so well unless he had known them every one. For freshness of scene and plot, dramatic power, humour, and graphic narrative, the novel is unsurpassed.

"From a Swedish Homestead" is the work of a poet in prose. There is a delight in natural scenery and a simple fervour in the writing which bring unfamiliar Sweden vividly before the mind. Selma Lagerlöf is a symbolist, in the sense that she often speaks in parables—the tale of "Sigrid Storrade," for example, being not only a beautiful little story in itself, but an allegory, easy to read, of a soul tempted and redeemed. The same visionary element in her writing comes out very strongly in "The Story of a Country House," with which the book opens. There is no direct intervention of the supernatural, but a subtle spiritual influence seems to brood benignly on the scene, guiding the characters to their destined and happy ends. This tale is quite unlike the ordinary short story; it is at once remote from life and true to it—remote in external features and true in the inward and essential. And through it all we feel the author's feeling for her native land, so that distant Sweden, with its quiet country life and strange landscapes, is present to our eyes. The very names of some of the stories show the gentle seriousness of the writer's outlook on the world—such as "The Peace of God," "The Flight into Egypt," "Our Lord and St. Peter." This is a book of freshness and charm.

Brought up on porridge and the Shorter Catechism, the present reviewer cherished the belief that all mankind, springing from one common soil, begins life equal in some sense. This faith has occasionally been a little dashed by doctors and philosophers, but it has remained for Ouida, of all people, to essay its final demolition. Her little volume, "Street Dust," contains but five stories, and of these four are tragedy; and the sadness is intensified in two of them, because small and defenceless children are entangled and engulfed in its development. Street dust, in Italy, at any rate—we are glad that it is Italy, and not England—seems to be wanting in all the elements that make for freedom and independence, and to be born poor is to be the victim of a thousand disabilities. It is a terrible picture

that Ouida paints for us, and even when due allowance has been made for all manner of artistic license, the grim truth at the back of it still haunts the memory, and one remembers with unholy joy the curse laid up for those who "grind the faces of the poor." The fifth story brings us to England, and is in a happier vein. Here, too, the interest centres about a little child; and we may say at once that Ouida writes of children with sympathy and comprehension. It has been darkly hinted that, like the rest of us, Ouida has her faults; but a hard heart is certainly not of their number. She ranks herself on the side of suffering humanity with the courage sprung of conviction.

There is something particularly salutary in the appearance of the love-letters of Prince Bismarck in an English dress at a moment when the publication of manufactured "love-letters" has reached the point of an absurd literary craze. Here, at any rate, there is no catchpenny mystery, no straining after spurious artistic effect. Sincerity is, of course, inevitable, but it gains piquancy from the fact that we have been too ready to consider Bismarck the mere State manipulator, the man of *poorparlers*, who valued truth at a political estimate. Here, as readers of the original are already aware, we are admitted to the inner sanctuary of a great man's life, and though the revelation is perfectly frank, such is the natural dignity of the writer that the reader has no feeling of intrusion. In his domestic relations Bismarck is altogether lovable. His attitude as husband is, of course, entirely German: we never escape the note of mild patronage towards the weaker vessel; but so kindly humorous, so whole-hearted is this so-called Man of Blood and Iron that we forgive him the unconscious betrayal of superiority. Among the "love-letters" are included some epistles to his wife's parents; the



BISMARCK AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

Reproduced from "The Love Letters of Prince Bismarck," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

first, indeed, is that in which he asks for the hand of his Johanna from Herr von Puttkamer. In it the suitor makes no fine phrases: he merely sketches in detail his spiritual evolution from the indifference of the days when he was the "Mad Junker" to the hour of his proposal, when he has arrived at a belief which may be described as a lofty Deism tinged by Christianity. For spontaneous poetical effect, the descriptions of nature in every mood place Bismarck in the first rank of word-painters. Poetry of situation there is, too, in the days of betrothal, when as Commissioner of Dykes he was detained from the side of his beloved by his constant watch over the wintry Elbe. Until the breaking up of the ice, with its threat of flood, the lover was chained to his post, keeping weary vigil beside the restive stream. Something of the saga spirit seems appropriately to inform this crisis of the great Teuton idealist's career. Curiously enough, his life's ideal, German unity, finds but one reference in these pages. Many letters have been omitted, some of these wisely perhaps, as they reflect more vividly than is pleasant the petulant side of womanly devotion. The translation is adequate, except perhaps in the rendering of endearing epithets, for which happier and more idiomatic equivalents might have been found. But is this slight defect sufficient excuse for the entire suppression of the translator's name?

Considering the hold which the late Emperor Frederick obtained upon public imagination in this country, it is strange that no adequate biography of him has yet been attempted, save that published by Sir Morell Mackenzie under the title of "Frederick the Noble." The German original of the book before us took some years to complete, and the English version is a *résumé* rather than an actual translation. Although much cannot be given that is new, here and there are charming, hitherto-unpublished glimpses of the happy

family life led by the then Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Prussia, showing not only his devotion to, but also the trust and confidence reposed by Frederick the Noble in, the British Princess who, at the early age of seventeen, became his consort. Readers in this country will note with deep interest the extracts from the well-known German dramatist Gustav zu Puttlitz's letters to his wife, which describe most vividly the home life of the royal pair as seen by a shrewd and impartial spectator. "The Crown Princess is marvellously well read; she has literally read everything, and knows everything more or less by heart. . . . This young Princess has more than average gifts, and, besides, is more cultivated than any woman of her age, and then she has such charming manners, which puts one perfectly at one's ease in spite of royal etiquette. . . . I am kept in continual amazement by her youthful and natural bearing, so full of versatility, decision, and good sense." When we remember that these letters were written before the Crown Princess had completed twenty-five years of life, the appreciation here made by the German writer is the more remarkable. One long and important chapter deals with the Franco-German War, and the leading part played, both in the military operations and in the diplomatic side of the campaign, by the Crown Prince. The author of the book has wisely allowed his hero to tell his own life-story as much as was possible by letters, and perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that containing the Emperor Frederick's own correspondence, including that addressed to the present King of Roumania, one of his most intimate personal friends. Yet another very interesting and significant epistle quoted is that addressed by the Crown Prince, when acting as Regent for his father in the year 1878, to the present Pope, Leo XIII. This letter, though frankly refusing to grant certain concessions demanded by the then newly elected head of the Roman Catholic Church, was the commencement of a marked improvement in the relations between the Vatican and the German Government. The writer of this English version of Margaretha von Poschinger's more elaborate work does not deal at any great length with the Emperor Frederick's illness; and the events which crowded his short reign, as well as the account of his tragic death, are treated in ten pages. Still, this attempt to present a vivid picture of Germany's second Emperor is, on the whole, a model of what this kind of volume should be. As frontispiece the book has a reproduction of von Lenbach's fine portrait of its subject.

In "Efficiency and Empire" Mr. Arnold White has a splendid brief, but he spoils it by overstatement. If a man states his case too forcibly he always weakens its effect. His hearers shrink from the exaggeration, and insensibly go over to the other side. The sense of the "something too much" in the statements of Mr. White is increased by the quick, metallic, staccato style, in which he writes. It is the style of the controversialist. That alone creates a prejudice against it: it is too arrogant and too cocksure. But, whatever its defects of manner, "Efficiency and Empire" is a book which every Englishman should read. Mr. White has collected an enormous number of facts to illustrate the dry-rot that is threatening the British Empire. What could be more sinister and more significant than this? In Manchester, 11,000 men presented themselves for service in South Africa. Of this number 8000 were found, on examination, to be physically unfit to carry a rifle and stand the fatigues of discipline. What a comment is that single fact on the increasing degeneracy of our city-bred populations! Mr. White takes his readers through every department of English public life, and finds evidence of similar decay. Old ships that are only fit for scrap-iron are included as efficient vessels in the naval returns. In the Consular Service, which is supposed to look after our trade abroad, 292 of the Consuls are foreigners, or considerably over a third of the whole number of Consuls we employ. It is scarcely to be expected that these 300 foreigners will trouble very much to further the interests of the British trader. Mr. White reveals similar defects in the War Office, the Treasury, the Diplomatic Service.

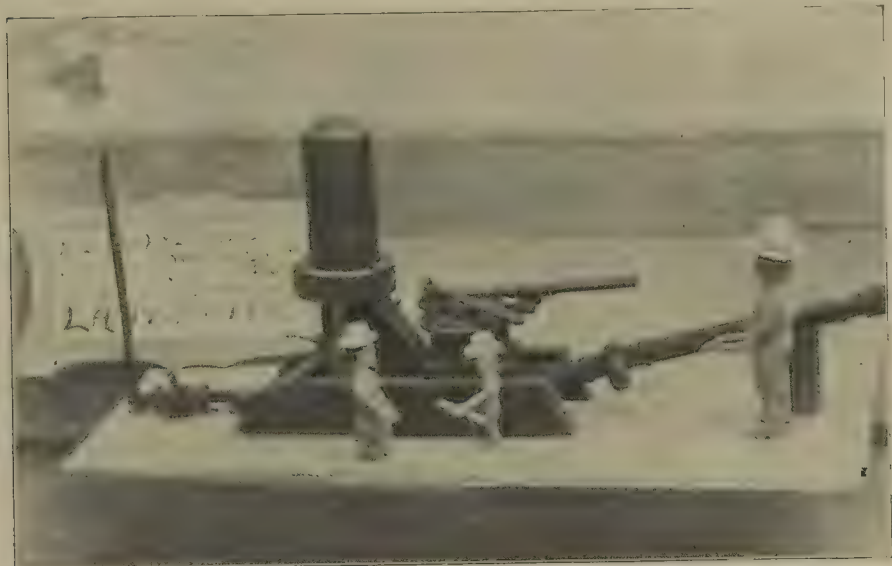
His book is one long jeremiad from beginning to end. Surely the country which can produce administrators like the men who made modern Egypt is not so inefficient as he thinks! Nevertheless, this is a book to be read by every man who values the welfare of the British Empire.

"The Earl's Head," by Carlton Dawe, is essentially commonplace, yet it places the reviewer in one of his little predicaments. It is quite good as a novel of adventure, but then so many novels of adventure are "quite good" nowadays. There is not room in the market for them all. Sensation-mongering contorts itself in its own excess. Men of respectable abilities, seeing the field so crowded, might be reasonably expected to prefer the career of a grocer or a pork-butcher. But they do not; they *will* be novelists—and the result is scores of novels every year which one may read without yawning, yet dismiss as unimportant. And there comes in the reviewer's predicament. What is he to say of this latest, excellent, mechanical, undistinguished, and quite unnecessary fiction? It could only have been written by men of rather more than average ability. It is swift and quick in narration. But of what use is it? It has absolutely nothing fresh. The number of sensational plots in the world is limited, and they have all been exhausted long ago. A re-shuffling of the old cards is the most that the modern sensation-monger can accomplish. In this novel, for example, we have the hoard of gold hidden by the bold, bad bushangers long, long ago; the hero guided to the *cache*. Mr. Dawe, by the way, has neglected an opportunity in forgetting to use the word *cache*; *cache* is "good," as Polonius would observe; we have the hero guided to the mysterious lair by a mysterious map, the gift of a mysterious friend; we have the villains hunting him down to get the map and get the gold. We have followed the identical plot twenty times before—only the hero's name was not, as in this case, George.

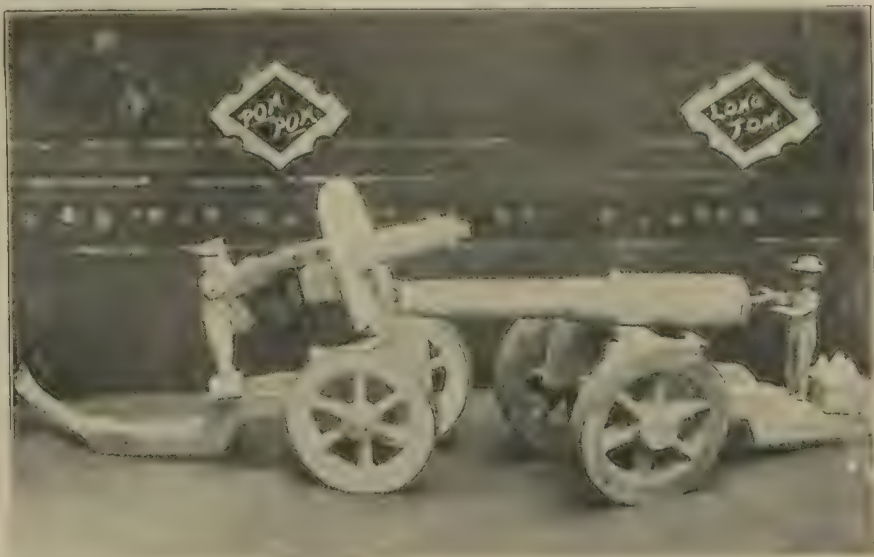


# THE ARMY AND NAVY EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: TOYS MADE BY BOER PRISONERS.

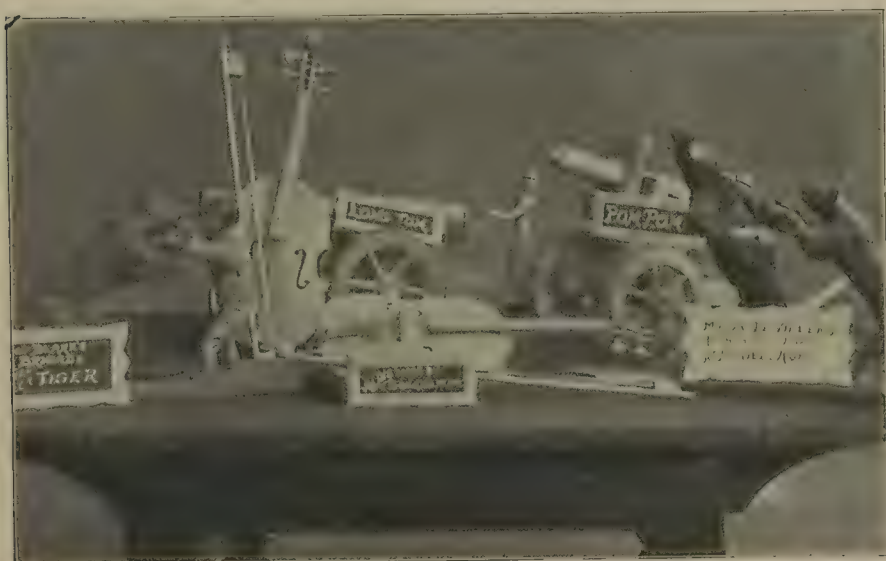
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.



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A HISTORICAL TABLEAU.



DR. LEYDS' CAPE CART AND CRONJE'S FIELD FORGE IN MINIATURE.



BADEN-POWELL'S CONSTABULARY IN PURSUIT OF DE WET.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Turkey is in Europe, not of it!" said a witty diplomatist long ago. Since then both Abdul-Hamid and his advisers, if he have any in the sense we attach to the term, have not done the smallest thing to make the sentence less pertinent. That is the reason of my rare reference in this column to them or to the country they rule. An occasional account of the social life of Constantinople would be as interesting as the putting of oil and water in a vessel in order to show that, do what we will, the two fluids will not permanently amalgamate. By shaking the vessel, one may get the momentary illusion that the fat has been accomplished, and a similar momentary satisfaction falls to the lot of the visitor to Stamboul who observes certain Turks—members of the so-called Young Turkey party—mixing apparently unreservedly with the foreign residential population: but the least observant of the latter community will tell the inquirer that the blending is as transitory as that just now referred to. In other words, Turks and Europeans only mix freely when Constantinople is agitated by this or that question affecting its attitude to and relations with the European Powers.

As a matter of course, the ordinary journalist, who is not told off for special duty, cannot time his visits to hit the exact moment of such an agitation; hence, he cannot speak with authority at first hand. But there are institutions of a purely Turkish character, the description of which demands no protracted sojourn in the Turkish capital. One of these is the Sublime Porte. During the last fortnight the name of it has loomed largely on the mental horizon of newspaper readers, in consequence of Turkey being once more at loggerheads with the rest of Europe, after a comparatively lengthy spell of friendly, or at least tolerable, relationship. The leading European Powers have for many years possessed their own post-offices in Constantinople, simply because Turkish postal officials could not be accounted satisfactory. On the plea that their revenue is being defrauded, the Sublime Porte has peremptorily demanded the rescinding of the privilege—for it is nothing more, inasmuch as it is not recognised either by treaty or by any clause of the Capitulations.

The words "Sublime Porte" are as magical in their effect on a number of people as was the word "Mesopotamia" on the mind of the pious old lady. The simple appellation of "Ministry of Foreign Affairs" or "Foreign Office" would certainly not produce the same impression; and it has therefore occurred to me to examine as to how far the adjective is deserved. I know the institution inside and out, although my experience of it does not date from to-day or from yesterday. Inasmuch as progress, both mental and material, is a plant of slow growth in the Turkish Empire, my retrospective account may virtually be taken as up-to-date. I am the more confident in that respect from having compared notes only six months ago with a friend then recently returned from Constantinople. "The building is somewhat more dilapidated on the outside than when you were there, and the inside is a little more frequently repaired, but for the rest, there is no change," he remarked.

The structure must have been imposing in years gone by, dominating the capital as it does. When I saw it, its aspect struck me as pitiful. The grass was growing in the little court surrounding it; the shutters of nearly all the windows were wanting; the verses of the Koran, with which its frontage is decorated, had become nearly illegible. The yellow colour which is the distinctive mark of all official buildings in Turkey would, if carefully renewed, give the by-no-means unimposing pile a bright appearance; as it was, it had been allowed to turn a sickly hue, and it wanted but little imagination to detect the outward resemblance between the Sublime Porte and the country itself, aptly named "the Sick Man of Europe." There was a military guard at the principal entrance, and a couple of sentries at the private door of the Ministers; nevertheless, one could go in and out, as in nearly every country in Europe, unchallenged. In every other country in Europe, though, one's progress further than the hall of a Ministry is generally barred by this or that supercilious, indifferent, or polite usher. No interruption of the kind need be feared at the Turkish Foreign Office. At the time of my visit, I had a letter of introduction to a very high official indeed. I had to find my way unguided to his rooms, and while I was chatting to him, a poor, almost ragged old Turk came in, unannounced, to ask for alms, which, without the slightest comment, were given to him by my host.

During my uncertain wanderings in search of my destination I noticed that, though the gilding and the walls were in a fair condition, the scrupulous cleanliness of the German and French Foreign Offices, not to mention our own, was entirely wanting. The uniform of the sentries outside partook of the same character of neglect. I had no political affairs to discuss or decisions to await. From my host's conversation I gathered, however, that it would have been the same if the contrary had been the case. Whatever the questions or remarks might have been, they would have been transmitted to Abdul-Hamid to pronounce upon: for the Sublime Porte is nothing more or less than the collective, sublimated chief clerk of the Sultan, just as in Russia the pseudo-powerful Ministers, including the late MM. de Giers and Muravieff, were and are nothing more than the Czar's private secretaries. Neither the Turk nor the Muscovite, though apparently in an exalted position, has a will of his own. He may suggest, that is all.

Inasmuch as the Sultan is the supreme arbiter in all things, the patience of Western solicitors, petitioners, and Ambassadors is often grievously tried; and matters are not improved by the traditional slowness of Abdul-Hamid's advisers, not one of whom ever stays at the Sublime Porte after nightfall. I have come to the end of my space. I shall probably return to the subject on a future occasion. I have said enough, I think, to show that the Sublime Porte is a misnomer.

## CHESS.

II. WHITTEN.—We are much obliged for your interesting letter, with which, in the main, we agree; but it is obvious we cannot open the flood-gates of controversy in our limited space.

NORMAN PEACH (Crouch Hill).—You will have to play the game over again very carefully, and you will see there is no mistake in the way we have printed it. You went wrong, we should guess, at White's thirteenth move.

J. A. S. HANBURY.—We are glad to know you at least conquered the difficulties.

II. S. (Dulwich).—We cannot answer such inquiries by post. If you care for a reply here we will give it.

J. R. HARRIS (Brighton).—Obviously any careful analysis of an opening at odds ought always to end in a won position for the odds-receiver. It is a matter that almost stultifies itself.

F. JAMES (Bath).—Will you send L'opissil's problem on a diagram? We think something must be omitted from your letter.

SORRENTO.—Quite sound, and marked for early insertion.

E. J. WINTER WOOD.—Your three-mover is very nice indeed.

A. HALL.—(1) You are not alone in your appreciation of Mr. Whitten's problem. (2) We have no access to the file so far back.

I. DESANGES.—Your problem appears to be correct, but if Black play 1. R to R 8th, White can continue 2. Q to K 4th or Kt 7th (ch), and also 2. Q to B 2nd, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2970 and 2971 received from C. A. M. (Lancaster); of No. 2972 from Richard Burke (Teldenya, Ceylon); of No. 2973 from Percy Charles (New York); of No. 2974 from F. B. (Worthing); of No. 2975 from J. Bailey (Newark), A. G. Bagot (Rathmines), Edward J. Sharpe, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and J. Muxworthy (Hook); of No. 2976 from F. B. (Worthing), Clement C. Danby, Edward J. Sharpe, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. Muxworthy, J. A. S. Hanbury (Moseley), H. S. Brandreth (Naples), Frank Clarke (Bingham), and Frank Shrubsole (Faversham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2977 received from A. Hall (Swinscoe), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Lynmouth), F. J. S. (Lampstead), J. Muxworthy, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), F. H. Marsh (Bridport), T. Roberts, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), H. S. Brandreth (Naples), R. Worters (Canterbury), E. Dalby, Dr. Tidswell (Morecambe), Charles Burnett, A. C. von Ernsthausen (Oxford), F. James (Bath), C. E. Perugini, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), E. J. Winter Wood, J. A. S. Hanbury (Moseley), Shadforth, Henry A. Donnan (Listowel), Elith Orser (Reigate), W. A. L. Ho (Edinburgh), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), F. W. Moore (Bripton), Sorrento, and Frank Clarke (Bingham).

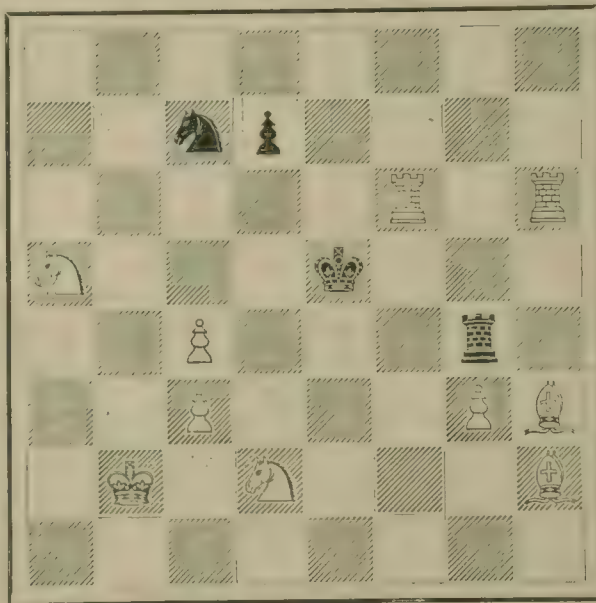
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2976.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to Kt 5th	B to B 5th
2. Kt to Kt 3rd	Any move
3. Mates.	

If Black play 1. P to B 5th, 2. Kt to B 6th; if 1. B to R 2nd, 2. Q to Q sq (ch); and if 1. K takes B, then 2. Q to K 3rd (ch), and 3. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 2979.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. E. LASKER and E. DELMAR.  
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Kt to R 2nd	B takes P
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q B 4th	19. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Kt to R 4th	Kt to B 2nd
4. P to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	21. B to R 4th	K to Kt sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	22. B to Q 7th (ch)	P to B 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. B to R 4th	R to Kt 2nd
7. Castles	B to Q 2nd	24. Q to K 2nd	
8. Kt to K 5th	Q to K 2nd		
9. P to R 3rd			
With a view to the advance on the Queen's side, where Black intends to castle.			
10. P to Q Kt 4th	Castles Q R	25. Q to Kt 2nd	P takes Kt
11. B to B 2nd	P to B 5th	26. B P takes P	R to B 2nd
	Q R to Kt sq	27. R to K Kt sq	B takes P
Devoting attention to the other side. This is very necessary. Black's position is not good, and much depends upon some counter-attack.			
12. P to Q R 4th	P to K R 4th	28. P takes B	Kt takes P
13. P to R 5th	P to Kt 4th	29. Q to Kt 5th	Kt to B 4th
14. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Q sq	30. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 5th
15. P to R 6th	P to Kt 3rd	31. Q to Kt 2nd	Q to R 5th
16. Kt to R 3rd	P takes P	32. K R to Kt sq	R to Kt sq
17. P to R 3rd	Kt to K sq	33. R to R 2nd	
18. Q to B 3rd			

Threatening Kt takes R P, etc. But Black's last move just enables him to meet it.

## CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and J. MIESES.  
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Marshall).	BLACK (Mr. Mieses).	WHITE (Mr. Marshall).	BLACK (Mr. Mieses).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. K to R 2nd	B to Q 3rd (ch)
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt (ch)
This variation always gives rise to critical play.			
3. P takes K P	P to Q 5th	19. P to Kt 3rd	
4. P to Q R 3rd			
White, it seems, cannot allow B to Kt 5th (ch) in the opening. Black therefore gains an important move.			
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Q to Kt 4th	R to K 4th
6. P to K R 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	21. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 5th (ch)
	P to K R 3rd	22. P takes Kt	
Either B to B 4th or Q to K 2nd would appear more useful. This at once surrenders the Pawn, and another soon follows.			
7. K P takes B	B takes Kt	23. R to K R sq	P takes P
8. P to K B 4th	Kt takes P	24. K to B sq	Q to Kt 3d (ch)
9. B to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	25. K to Kt sq	R to Kt 4th (ch)
10. Castles	Q to B 3rd	26. B to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 8th (ch)
11. B to B 3rd	Kt takes P	27. K to R 2nd	R to R 4th (ch)
12. Kt to Q 2nd	Castles Q R	28. B to R 3rd	R takes B (ch)
13. Q to R 4th	P to K Kt 4th	29. K takes R	Q to B 6th (ch)
14. Q to Kt 5th	Kt to Kt sq	30. K to R 4th	Q takes R (ch)
15. Q to R 5th	P to Q B 3rd	31. K to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 7th (ch)
16. Kt to K 4th	R to K sq	32. K takes P	Q takes P (ch)
	Kt to K 3rd	33. K to K 5th	Kt to R 3rd
	R to K sq	34. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to B sq
	Kt to K 4th	35. Q to K 7th	Q to K 7th (ch)
	Q takes R P (ch)	36. K to B 6th	Kt to Kt sq (ch)

Very well played, giving Black a decided superiority.

Black wins.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is a curious fact that while food questions are perpetually cropping up amid topics which the general public are given to discuss, there are few of us—apart from those professionally trained in the subject—who possess any definite ideas regarding dietetic science. Most of us swallow things on the faith-principle, and according to the basis which experience provides. We do not trouble ourselves about the science of foods at all. It suffices for us that the chef has worked out agreeable and, presumably, nutritious combinations of things edible, and we accept his mixtures without question. Even some of our common little dietetic tricks might be found somewhat hard of explanation by the man in the street. Why do we add butter to bread, for example? Why do we eat potatoes with meat, or take bread in lieu of *pommes de terre*? Why do we eat green vegetables, seeing that they contain about six per cent. of starch only, and make up the rest of their bulk mostly in water?

Such queries relate to everyday practices, but I doubt if they would receive clear and adequate answers from more than say two per cent. of educated people. Indeed, it might puzzle many of us to answer the question, "Why eat dinner at all?" To say that we take food because we are hungry, and drink because we are thirsty, is no reply to the query. Such an answer would only cause one to ask another question, "Why should we be hungry or thirsty either?" We are environed and encompassed always by the necessity for getting dinner. Every living thing cries out for its daily bread. The geranium in the pot, equally with the giant oak, must have food, or it will perish. The animalcule that finds its world in a water-drop, shares the necessity for food-taking equally with the paragon of animals himself. This is the line, in truth, which separates the living from the non-living world.

I am making a plea here for the better education of all of us in the science of foods and feeding. There is to be no faddism, to start with; no advocacy of some special foods, which are believed by the faddists to represent the "perfect way" in diet. It is plain, solid, scientific teaching about foods which is wanted, with the view of enabling us to understand what we require in the way of nutrition, and how we may best and most cheaply supply our requirements. Spencer says somewhere or other that the first requisite for success in life is to be a fine animal. This is most true. A perfect physique is the first condition for fulfilling all the duties that fall to us as citizens, workers, or as anything else. It was not without reason that the wary old lady in the play advised her youthful married friend, by way of keeping her husband at home, to "feed the brute."

Lessons on domestic economy and hygiene at school would do much good to dissipate the ignorance of this very practical phase of life whereof I am complaining. If such teaching were associated with cookery lessons, I am convinced we should have less intemperance among the masses. It is your badly fed man who, as a rule, is most given to stifle the natural cravings of unsatisfied hunger with alcohol. If a hungry man is proverbially apt to be an angry man, he is also likely to be a drunken one when his state tends to develop a chronic nature. The masses waste a tremendous amount of money year by year through wasteful buying and equally wasteful preparation of food. Economy in diet can only follow upon a knowledge of food-composition and food-values; and the sooner, as a nation, we make provision for imparting this knowledge in our educational codes, the better will it be for our health and prosperity all round.

One apt illustration of the ignorance which prevails regarding food questions is offered to us at the present time in the case of the duty on sugar. Numberless queries are made regarding the use and value of sugar as a food. People are beginning to take an interest even in the chemistry of sugar, simply because their attention has been drawn to it by that most powerful of all stimuli, an attack on their pockets. A little chat about sugar may therefore form a text on which one may preach the doctrine anew that the prevailing ignorance regarding foods is disgraceful to us as a civilised nation. Sugars and starches belong to the same chemical family, and all the starch we eat is converted into sugar of one kind or another in the process of digestion before it can be utilised for the body's nutrition. Now, the sugars are energy or force producers, and when they are oxidised in the tissues they give origin to carbonic acid gas and water as waste products, giving us heat and "the power of doing work" as our bodily profit.

We thus see scientifically that sugar is not a body-building food, but corresponds to the fuel of the human engine. Fat is a better food than sugar for force-production, but it is far more expensive, and is not so readily digested. Sugar can, however, be converted into fat, and this is what Dr. Pavy regards as the real destination of the sugar, which (in the form of glycogen, or animal starch) is stored up in the liver. We are coming thus to see that sugar is a valuable food for energy-production. The Germans are increasing the amount of sugar which is supplied in the army rations, and when we have regard to the food-practices of various nations, or of men doing laborious work, we find sugar figuring prominently in the list of their dietetic items. The dates of the Arab are largely sugar. The West Indian negro is largely a sugar-consumer. I read that sugar forms part of the diet of Paris horses, with the result of making them more effective workers. In training for athletics, German and Dutch clubs are using sugar-rations, regulated, of course, according to physiological data. Alpine climbers consume sugar, and cyclists find chocolate an admirable staying food. The sugar question is thus one of much importance, and we may do worse things as a nation than increase our sugar-consumption. The day should be past and gone when the parental idea prevails that the taste for sugar represented in youth is part and parcel of the burden of original sin.



GLADSTONE PARK, AT DOLLIS HILL, TO BE OPENED ON MAY 25.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. DUNN.



1. A SCENE IN THE GROUNDS.

2. MARK TWAIN IN THE NEW PARK.



## LADIES' PAGE.

An influential committee of ladies has been formed, as a result of a meeting held at Lady Londonderry's house, to promote a collection among the women of the country to add to the funds of the Queen Victoria Nursing Institute as a special woman's memorial of the late Queen. This charity, as no doubt most of my readers remember, was founded by Queen Victoria herself with the money gathered as the Women's Jubilee Tribute in 1887. One feels, perhaps, that, gracious and suitable as it was for the Queen in her lifetime to spend this money on her poor,



A PRETTY GOWN OF FIGURED FOULARD.

now she is gone the appropriate memorial is something more conspicuous and visible, that may testify to the future how much Victoria was beloved by her own daughters. The story of the precious box of ointment that might have been "sold and the money given to the poor" recurs to mind when the best-considered scheme of private, quiet, and diffused charity is proposed as a memorial to the woman who has so elevated her office and her sex as to deserve to have her real greatness proclaimed aloud. However, anything that goes to relieve the suffering of poor humanity is to be aided and applauded, and no work is more valuable in this direction than the nursing of the sick poor in their own homes that the late Queen chose to promote and to associate with her own name and record. The committee formed includes the Duchesses of Beaufort, Portland, Marlborough, and Westminster, and many other ladies of position, and it is proposed to send out collecting-cards to the whole country. To this end, ladies' committees are to be formed in all parts, and ladies willing to help in such organisation are invited to write to the hon. secs., Women's Memorial Fund, 64, Cannon Street.

I may mention another good work that has lately interested a number of ladies, and that will culminate in a fashionable bazaar in a few weeks—this is the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. Of all efforts of charity there is none more interesting to a maritime nation like our own than the life-boat service. Yet the pressure of the war funds on charity has so reduced the income of this, as of many other deserving institutions, that without the special effort and the cordial help of the public to the bazaar the committee will be hard put to it to maintain their work intact for another year. But the Moloch of war has produced so much special need that all the wants in that direction are far from being supplied. The Queen has sanctioned the issuing in her name of a special appeal for the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association. Her Majesty points out that no less than £50,000 per month is still required, unless many of the helpless and dependent ones are to suffer hardship while their men-folk are fighting the battles of the Empire abroad. To raise a portion of the money, a great fête and sale will be held at Earl's Court Exhibition Gardens at the end of June, at which many of the leading ladies of the peerage will assist in person. In addition to her

Majesty the Queen, the following members of the royal family have also become patrons: Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife. The entire Imperial Gardens are to be devoted to the great sale. Forty-three of the counties of the United Kingdom have already applied for, and have been allotted space, and the committee are considering other applications for the remaining small space. Arrangements are in progress for the Colonies to be represented.

A rare proportion of male and female descendants is established for the Empress Frederick by the birth of a second pair of twin sons to her youngest daughter, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse. This raises the Empress's grandsons to the number of seventeen, while her granddaughters are but three in number. Now, that is to deserve well of the community, and would be an example to be followed, were it but possible to achieve it at will! Nature never intends the women to outnumber the men. It is a curious illustration of the doctrine of averages that, notwithstanding this preponderance of the male sex in that one branch of our late Queen's family, the great-grandsons and great-granddaughters of her late Majesty are nearly equal in numbers. Throughout the countries in which statistics are kept, a similar proportion of male and female births is found to take place; that is, there are always about 104 male children born for every 100 female. Whence comes, then, the excess in most old countries of the female population? In part from the greater difficulty of rearing male children, but also in part from the more dangerous occupations and the less regular lives of the young men, and also in part from emigration and from war, which both disturb the balance.

Already Earl's Court Exhibition is exercising its drawing power over Londoners, and as the weather grows warmer, crowds of people of all degrees will fill the grounds and buildings. Sex-pride cannot blind us to the fact that the military bands of this year are improvements on the female ones of last! In the buildings there are many exhibits interesting to ladies, although the theme be military matters. Among these is the display of furniture for officers' quarters specially designed by the well-known firm of artistic house-furnishers, Messrs. Norman and Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street. The handsome and often ingenious fittings make capital furnishings for flats and country boxes too.

Evening dress is perhaps the most interesting topic just now. The use of artificial flowers on the gown and the head is general, especially for girls. A full wreath, or an Empire half-wreath, of tiny pink roses, with a few leaves in either the delicate green of the flower's own foliage or the darker green of the ivy, is very becoming to a young wearer. Then there are coronets of larger roses, or of lilies-of-the-valley, or of orchid blooms, combined with maidenhair fern or with nondescript transparent gauze foliage. Frequently worn with such a garniture for the coiffure will be a decoration on the corsage, perhaps also on the skirt, of similar flowers. A berthe of tiny drooping blossoms, such as lilies-of-the-valley or field daisies, may well appear on a girlish gown of airy chiffon or tulle. A Princess dress in white satin was decorated with three Madonna lilies near the left bosom, and then had the foliage of the lilies intermixed with black velvet ribbon extending to the foot. Black is being so much worn that there is a large demand for the nondescript flowers, like roses in shape, or what you will, but made with petals in black gauze; these are usually powdered with gold or silver paillettes, or centred with diamond dewdrops. For hair worn as many do now wear it, parted a little at one or each side of the head, a mere suspicion of a division with the low-drooping forehead-wave between, a large rose set at the left side so as to nestle against the depression in the coiffure is becoming. Diamonds in the coiffure for state occasions are often worn in combination with one side flower like that described. Embroideries of great beauty appear on many evening gowns. Ribbon-work, cretonne appliqué, lace encrustations, painted gauze let in—all this has to be seen to be appreciated. Empire fashions, in the form of gowns of diaphanous fabric placed loosely fitting over close foundation-ropes of silk or satin, are gaining ground weekly; to slender figures they are very becoming, and the lighter fabric can be embroidered with gold or silver or otherwise decorated along the foot, up the sides, and in a measure all over, while the belt under the bust centralises the splendour satisfactorily.

With the collarless afternoon gowns that fashion is going to allow women to wear at home and abroad this season, the pearl necklace will become more desirable than before. A sad tale this would be for many of us—for pearls become ever more costly—but that the Parisian Diamond Company, with its perfect imitation pearls, steps into the breach, and offers at a very moderate price either the single string, that is, perhaps, most fashionable of all, or the more elaborate wide collar or long "rope." When the intending purchaser finds herself in one of the company's places—85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, or 43, Burlington Arcade—it will be strange if some of the many other charming ornaments there are not found irresistible. The principle of the company is to set their artificial gems in as artistic and finely wrought designs as those used for the best real gems; and when to this is added a constant study of novelty and of the progress of fashion, it is obvious that the stock is always attractive. The Parisian Diamond Company is simply invaluable to women not too rich to care how much they spend on new *bijoux*.

Black, grey, and shades of purple, from the palest to the deepest, are decidedly best worn at present. But the relief of delicate colour is becoming visible. A delicate blue seems specially favoured in voiles and foulards, while in the muslins and batistes that will soon be so generally used, pink is a prevailing tone. Very beautiful are some new muslins that have velvet flowers raised on them, but a little heavy, I think. Ascot gowns in this fabric are

being made already. Taffetas in chiné patterns and the new silk, Louisine, distinguished by its slight ribbed effect, is also being used for gowns for the same smart occasion; for smart Ascot will all the same be, though shorn of the lustre of royal attendance this year. Voile as transparent as muslin placed over a deeper-toned silk and inserted with lace is making other capital gowns.

Nothing is more important to beauty, not to mention the health, than a good set of teeth. Most refined people pay proper attention to this point of the toilette, but the importance of assisting mere cleanliness with an adequate dentifrice is not enough understood. The dentist will tell us that it is the ubiquitous microbe which eats into the teeth, and causes decay, if not destroyed by an antiseptic preparation used regularly with the brush to purify the mouth. "Eau de Botot" is the name of the only dentifrice recommended by the Academy of Medicine of Paris as fulfilling absolutely all the desirable conditions for a dental wash for daily use. It dates to the days of Louis XV., whose physician, Dr. Botot, was the inventor. It is still made in Paris, and has all the elegance and niceness of which French pharmacy has the secret; but high-class English chemists sell "Eau de Botot."

If women erected statues to their benefactors, the inventors and improvers of the sewing-machine would undoubtedly have a shrine. No single cause has done so much to free women from drudgery as this invention. So long as every stitch had to be put in by hand, the needle chained down the best intelligences among women to mechanical work, and stood in the way of their education. Thus, Harriet Martineau records that when she shut herself up for an hour's study she would be almost surely sent for to join the sewing circle of her family. Yet the monotonous simplicity of the "stitch, stitch, stitch" wrung down the wages of the poor sempstresses till "The Song of the Shirt" was a possibility. It is interesting to learn that the Singer Manufacturing Company are about to celebrate their jubilee. Howe was the original inventor of the sewing-machine, but Singer



A FASHIONABLE GOWN IN FANCY FOULARD.

improved on the idea, and introduced a principle that has won general approbation. The Singer Company have a record of no less than seventeen million machines sold in their fifty years of business! They are now, in honour of the jubilee, offering a premium to purchasers of the machine during this year only, full particulars of which can be had from any of their five hundred branches.

Our Illustrations give designs for pretty and serviceable foulard gowns. The plainer of the two is of figured foulard, having a muslin vest, and trimmed with strappings of ribbon velvet held down with crescent shapes in lace; the hat is in white straw with a double brim and trimmed with a wreath of roses between the brims, and velvet. The other is a corselet-gown in fancy foulard, banded with white lace and trimmed with ribbon velvet, fastened down with silver buttons. The straw hat is adorned with large roses.

FLORENA.



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Maud U. Clarke.

# WHAT DOES IT SPELL.

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## YORKSHIRE SAYINGS.

Yorkshiremen, be they hill or dales men, are stupendously proud of their county and their women, "Our County" in the standing toast being invariably dubbed "the biggest, the bonniest, and the best," while that of "The Ladies" is always supplemented by "Yorkshire lasses—they're stunners!" Leaving toasts, however, for the nonce, and passing to the sayings of the shire of broad acres, it should be noted that no Yorkshireman ever makes a bald statement, eyes being always as black as sloes or blue as harebells, while cheeks are rosy as apples and linen as white as snow. Yorkshire dalesmen will tell you that young girls are as plump as partridges, or as flat as pancakes, or as thin as laths, while they are as straight as a yard of pump-water, or as poor as church mice. They are also spoken of as being as fresh as daisies and as sweet as nuts, and, as often as not, as proud as peacocks and as cold as stones. Others, again, are said to be as noisy as crickets or slippery as eels, while all are as welcome as the flowers in May. Old women are as crooked as a dog's hind leg, as blind as a bat, as dull as a haystack, as slow as old time, as ugly as sin, as honest as noonday, as crabbed as a bear with a sore head, and as having a face as wizened as a dry pear. The boys run like hares or like the wind, or they creep along like snails, stare like stuck pigs, grin like Cheshire cats, or have faces as long as fiddles. Things are common as ditchwater, dear as cinnamon, or simple as a halfpenny-worth of cheese. People who are at all dainty or particular in their feeding live like fighting-cocks, and those who get out of temper are said to fly like pots, while, as a rule, these same are said to be as mad as hatters or as March hares. Persons given to talking overmuch are called cackling hens, babbling brooks, and magpies, while the quick are called mice, and the quarrelsome "feetups."

Their proverbial sayings are many, and among them is to be found much homely wisdom and sage advice. Thus they have, "It's bad to meddle 'twixt bark and tree," alluding more particularly to matrimonial squabbles; "It's an ill wind that blows nobody na good," "It's a lang lane that hasn't a turning," "The kettle callin' t' pan grimy," when one evildoer is reproving another—in other words, when Satan is reproving sin; "One makes bullets and t' other shoots 'em," "More by good luck than good

management," "It 'ud puzzle a Dutchman," and "It is all my eye and Betty Martin," are a few of their native sayings. A thing of but trifling importance is "nowt to make a noise about," or "nowt to cackle on," while a thing may be "summat and nowt"; they also say that "too much o' owt is good for nowt." An old proverb with a lot of wisdom in it says that "The best of all ways to plague

most characteristic of Yorkshire stories is that of a farmer who halted at a wayside inn and called for a quart of ale. He drank it off and called for a second quart. Drinking this, he called for a third quart, having drunk which he said, "T' aal's varry fairish; I'll get down an' ha' some." There is another ale-story, which tells how a man, after partaking of several quarts of ale, said he thought

he could drink another, upon which a man slipped out and got a mouse, which he popped into the pot of frothing ale, and the man for whom the ale was intended having swallowed it, was asked how he liked it, when he remarked that the ale was all right, but there must have been a little bit of hop in it. The following anecdote is one invented by the people of one district at the expense of another. In this instance the story is told of a "man from Bradford," which, like Newcastle, is noted for its canniness. I shall give this in the dialect, prefacing it by the remark that "tekkin' up," when used in reference to the weather, means "lifting" or "clearing away." "It wur at th' time o' t' Flood, thoo knaws, and Noah was one day in t' stable wi' Shem, fodderin' t' cattle, when there cooms a knock at t' front doer. So Shem he goes and oppens a little 'ooal in t' doer, and 'e sees a man stannin' on t' front doorstep. 'What does tha want?' he sez. 'I'm a chap fro' Bradford,' sez the stranger, 'an' I wants to coom in.' 'Tha can't coom in,' sez Shem, an' 'e shuts front doer an' 'e goas away. Next day, about saame time, Noah and Shem were in t' stable, fodderin' t' cattle, thoo knaws, when there cooms a knock at t' front doer. Shem he goas an' oppens t' 'ooal, an' sees t' man fro' Bradford theer. 'What does tha want?' he sez, sharp-like. 'I'm a chap fro' Bradford,' sez the man, 'an' I wants to coom in.' 'Tha can't coom in,' says Shem, 'tha should ha' coomed in wi' t' other animals i' the precession.' An' 'e shuts t' 'ooal, an' goas away. Next day, about the saame time, Noah and Shem were fodderin' t' cattle (in t' stable, thoo knaws) when there cooms a knock at t' front doer. 'Shem,' sez Noah, 'if it's that man fro' Bradford, we an't gotten na room for 'im.' Shem 'e goas an' oppens front doer, an' 'e shouts, 'Feyther says tha can't coom in; we an't gotten any room for tha!' The chap fro' Bradford 'e looks up, an' abart, an' at last 'e sez, quiet like, 'Tha can tell tha feyther I don't want to come in; it's tekkin' up!'"

W. N. B.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S WILLIAM THE THIRD, WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET STAKES, AND ONE OF THE DERBY FAVOURITES.

The Duke of Portland's brown colt won the Newmarket Stakes by a short-head from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Doricles. A short head separated the latter from Sir James Miller's Aida.

a man's life out is to leave him an owd horse and two or three owd houses." Misers are called nailers, and are said to skin flints. Yorkshiremen welcome spring showers with great joy, as there is a tradition among them that "a dropping May makes rich cocks of hay." Two other Yorkshire sayings are, "He who would live in comfort must be sure to put the besom out of the chimney," and "Part with t' reek ov his kale."

Coming now to the humour of the broad-acred shire, we note that it is devoid of sarcasm, irony, or satire, being as a rule dry, droll, sly, shrewd, and kindly. One of the

in wi' t' other animals i' the precession. An' 'e shuts t' 'ooal, an' goas away. Next day, about the saame time, Noah and Shem were fodderin' t' cattle (in t' stable, thoo knaws) when there cooms a knock at t' front doer. 'Shem,' sez Noah, 'if it's that man fro' Bradford, we an't gotten na room for 'im.' Shem 'e goas an' oppens front doer, an' 'e shouts, 'Feyther says tha can't coom in; we an't gotten any room for tha!' The chap fro' Bradford 'e looks up, an' abart, an' at last 'e sez, quiet like, 'Tha can tell tha feyther I don't want to come in; it's tekkin' up!'"

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## THE "POWERFUL" MEMORIAL.

On the afternoon of May 17 at Victoria Park, Portsmouth, Lord Goschen unveiled a monument erected to the officers and men of the Naval Brigade of H.M.S. *Powerful* who fell in the South African Campaign. Guards of Bluejackets from H.M.S. *Excellent* and of Marines from the Naval Depot kept the enclosure round the obelisk, and the band of the Commander-in-Chief was in attendance. The ceremony, which took place at half-past twelve o'clock, was witnessed by a large concourse of people. Until the moment of unveiling, the monument was appropriately enveloped in the White Ensign. The ceremony was performed in beautiful weather, and the whole scene was a picturesque tribute to the memory of our sailors who fell in South Africa.

## MUSIC.

The Opera at Covent Garden had one novelty in its first week—the appearance of a new prima donna in the rôle of Isolde. "Tristan und Isolde" is generally acknowledged to be the masterpiece of Wagner's genius in music-drama, not excepting the "Ring," and it is a monumental undertaking for the two principals. An opera that begins at 7.30 and ends long past midnight is in itself exhausting, but when it is one in which the hero and heroine are not only scarcely ever off the stage, but are striking the whole gamut of their emotions and passions, then a prima donna may be said to have thrown down the gauntlet to criticism. Frau Frankel Claus came off victorious. She has a reputation for operatic successes in Prague, and she deserves it. She possesses a voice of considerable power, accuracy, and sweetness, and a fine instinct, vocally, for dramatic effect. As an actress she was not convincing, but no one, unless greatly gifted with physical charm and grace, could possibly be satisfying. In this opera one assists at a



LORD GOSCHEN UNVEILING THE MONUMENT AT PORTSMOUTH TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "POWERFUL" WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

very sanctified abandonment of passion, and to compel attention to that for several hours it is imperative that the eye as well as the ear should be captivated. Sincerity of articulation was Frau Claus's gift; sincerity of action was lacking. Once only did she rise to the occasion, and in tremulous actuality she was Isolde. For the rest, facial contortion and studied effects were the makeshift. M. Van Dyck was a manly Tristan. He sang well, he acted well, and his death-bed scene was memorable. The orchestra played beautifully, and with it lies, of course, much of the power of Wagner; but it is in the "Liebestod" that the beauty of the phrases are only saved from being sensuous by the masterly control and robust treatment of the composer. In any other hands, it must clog or satiate. Brangäne was played by Miss Marie Brena with her usual artistic skill. Mr. David Bispham's dogged devotion as Kurwenal is more effective than his agility in sighting the ship and beating back the enemy. The opera met with a great and deserved reception; and Frau Frankel Claus's appearance in other rôles will be welcomed.

On Wednesday of last week M. Van Dyck was an excellent Tannhäuser. He is in fine voice this season, and as an actor he is always competent—at any rate, on the operatic stage. Frau Gadske sang beautifully, and caught faithfully the spirituality of Elisabeth. Mlle. Strakosch was a fascinating Venus, more seductive than imperious. The orchestra was not as decided in its phrasing as usual, and showed a tendency to become ragged and uneven.

M. Ysaye gave an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, May 18. M. Ysaye played the solo parts in the concerto in E of Bach and the concerto of Beethoven. Mr. Henry Wood conducted his admirable orchestra, and a novelty was a paraphrase for the violin and orchestra of

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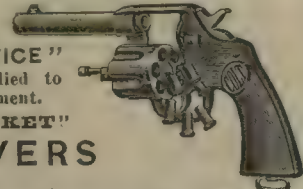
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Product of Russia,  
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the "Etude en forme de Valse" of Saint-Saëns, one of his six "Etudes de Piano."

Mr. Sterling Mackinley and Miss Muriel Elliot gave the first of their two remaining recitals at the Salle Erard on Tuesday, May 14. Miss Muriel Elliot plays very conscientiously, and has an excellent idea of phrasing. Her work is brilliant, but it requires more delicate inflections and modifications to make it a highly finished performance. She played the delightful sonata for the pianoforte and violin of Richard Strauss with Signor Simonetti. Mr. Sterling Mackinley's voice is still uneven.

Mr. Frank Lambert gave an interesting concert in the Empress Rooms, at which Mr. T. Andrews sang some of his graceful songs. Two were new, and all were charming. The new ones were: "There was a Star," and "One Life one Love," sung by Mr. Hayden Coffin. Miss Adelaide Burton sang very well the "Liebestreu" of Brahms. Miss Marie Tempest also sang a new song of Mr. Lambert, "I love you."

Mr. Anselmi, who on Thursday, May 16, appeared as Rigoletto, undertook on May 20 the rôle of Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Youth and a generous warmth are among his recommendations, and the new tenor gives good promise of future excellent performance.—M. I. II.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 16, 1897), with two codicils (dated Jan. 6 and Aug. 30, 1898), of Captain William Alcock, of Stone Ness, Ashurst, Kent, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on May 10 by William Kidd, Richard Ernest Williamson, and Stephen Poyntz Wright, the executors, the value of the estate being £102,998. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £50 to his nephew, Henry Kidd; and £200 to his butler, Henry George. The residue of his property he leaves, upon sundry trusts, for his daughter, Mrs. Jane Wright, and her husband and children. On the death of his son-in-law, Stephen Poyntz Wright, he gives £5000 to the Poor Clergy Corporation.

The will (dated April 12, 1884) of Mr. Richard Smith Carington, J.P., D.L., of Ashby Folville Manor, Melton Mowbray, High Sheriff of Leicestershire, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on May 15 by Herbert Hanbury Smith Carington and Richard Carington Smith Carington, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £98,374. The testator gives £200, his furniture and household effects, and an annuity of £600 to his wife; £500 to, and £10,000 upon trust for, each of his daughters Mrs. Elizabeth Alice Holme and Mrs. Emily Stroud Giles; and annuities of £50 each to his sisters Sarah Smith and

Elizabeth Widnall. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1894), with a codicil (dated July 17, 1898), of Mr. Basil Woodd Smith, J.P., D.L., of Branch Hill Lodge, Hampstead Heath, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on May 10 by Sir Thomas Lea, Bart., and George Harris Lea, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £59,168. The testator gives £10,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Edith Emma and Bertha Marian; £25,000 to his son Bernard; £1000 each to his sons by his second marriage; £1000 to his daughter Mildred Helen; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares for all his children.

The will (dated April 12, 1900) of Miss Catherine Whitmore, of 28, Oxford Square, Hyde Park, who died on March 14, was proved on May 4 by Charles Andrew Prescott and Arnold Sanders Harrison, the executors, the value of the estate being £47,102. The testatrix gives annuities of £200 to Ellen Catherine Randolph; £100 to Alice Blanche Knobel; and £25 to Jane Wake; and subject thereto the capital sum producing such annuities is to go to her nephew, Harry Needham Harrison. After payment of a few small legacies the residue of her property

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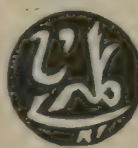
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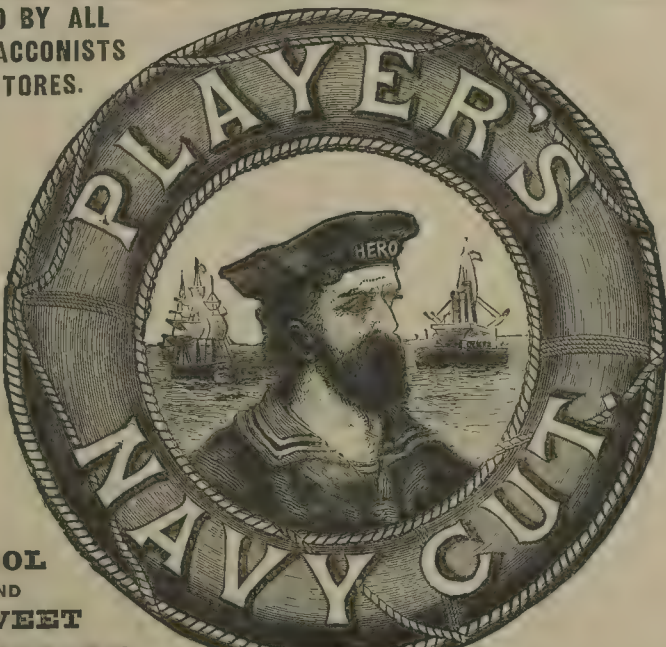
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The will (dated Nov. 15, 1894), with a codicil (dated July 15, 1895), of Mr. Algernon Charles Heber-Percy, J.P., D.L., of Hodnet Hall, Salop, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on May 3 by Algernon Heber-Percy and Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Josceline Heber-Percy, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £28,937. The testator bequeaths his furniture and household effects to his wife; £5600 to his son Algernon; an annuity of £100 to Mary Clare; and the pictures of Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, and of Mrs. Heber, a miniature of his father, the late Bishop of Carlisle; and certain jewels to devolve as heirlooms with the settled family estates. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease as to the personal estate for his younger children, and the real estate upon like trusts to those of the settled family property.

The will (dated July 21, 1891); with a codicil (dated

Aug. 30, 1893), of Dame Harriet Anne Sutton, of St. John's Park, Ryde, who died on March 22, was proved on May 14 by Alfred John Bingham, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £6104. The testatrix appoints £3000 Consols, the funds of her marriage settlement, as to two sixths to her son Henry Cecil Sutton, and one sixth each to her daughters Emily Judith Lady Levinge, Mary Evelyn Cochrane, Helen Mary Du Boulay, and Anna Harriet Mary Moreton. Subject to legacies to her executors and her late butler, William Bowmer, and of gifts of plate, jewels, lace, etc., to her children, she leaves all her property to her son Henry Cecil.

The will of Mr. Jacob Wilson Fair, J.P., of The Highlands, Wigan, who died on Feb. 6, has been proved by John Marcus Beaumont Rea, Francis Thomas Bradshaw, and Arthur Edward Fair, the executors, the value of the estate being £9654.

The will of Mrs. Emily Jane Ponsford, of 60, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on March 17, was

proved on April 30 by James Frederick William Ponsford, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £5579.

Mrs. Louis Botha denies that she has any peace mission to Europe. It is said that she is coming because her husband thinks she will find Europe more salubrious than South Africa. But she is going to see Mr. Kruger, and she ought to have a great deal to tell him.

Lord Justice Rigby, whose withdrawal into private life was erroneously announced, is a first-rate lawyer with simple manners. In the House of Commons it is believed that once, when sitting on the Treasury Bench, he very nearly lit a briar pipe. He was of great service to Mr. Gladstone in the debates on the Home Rule Bill, and his speeches gave so much harmless pleasure to his opponents that every night there used to be joyous cries for "Rigby" when a legal point was particularly knotty.

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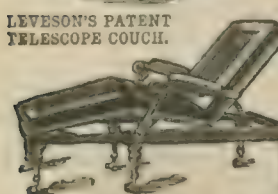
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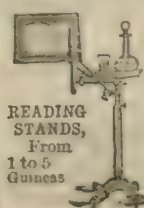
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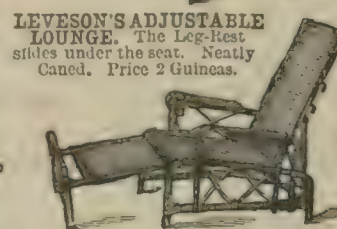
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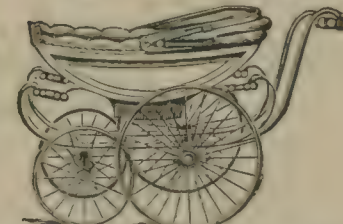
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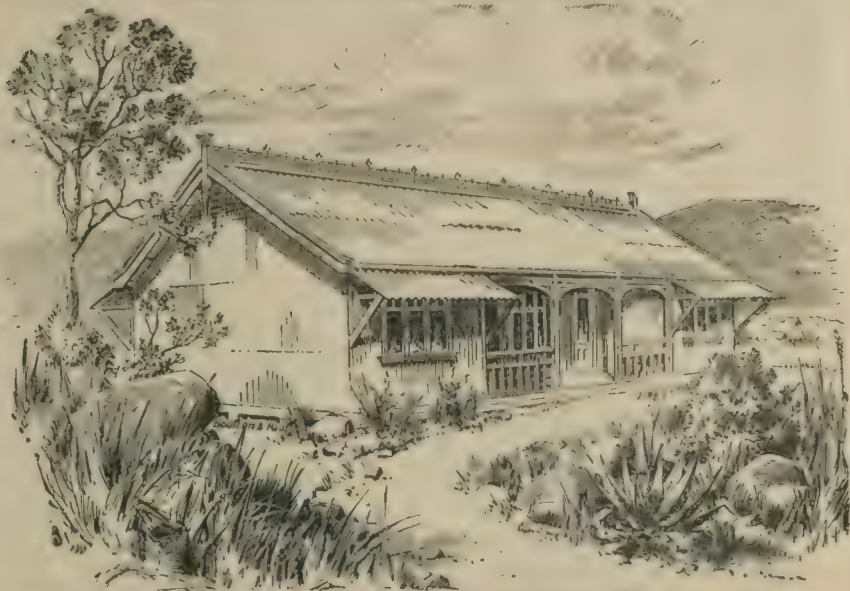
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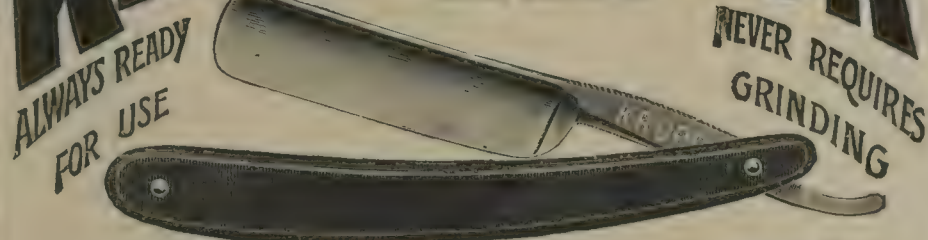
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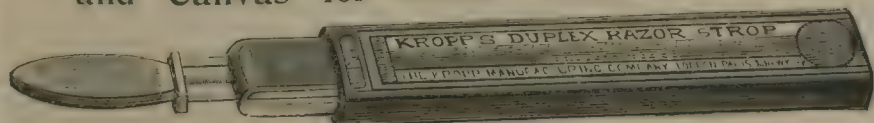


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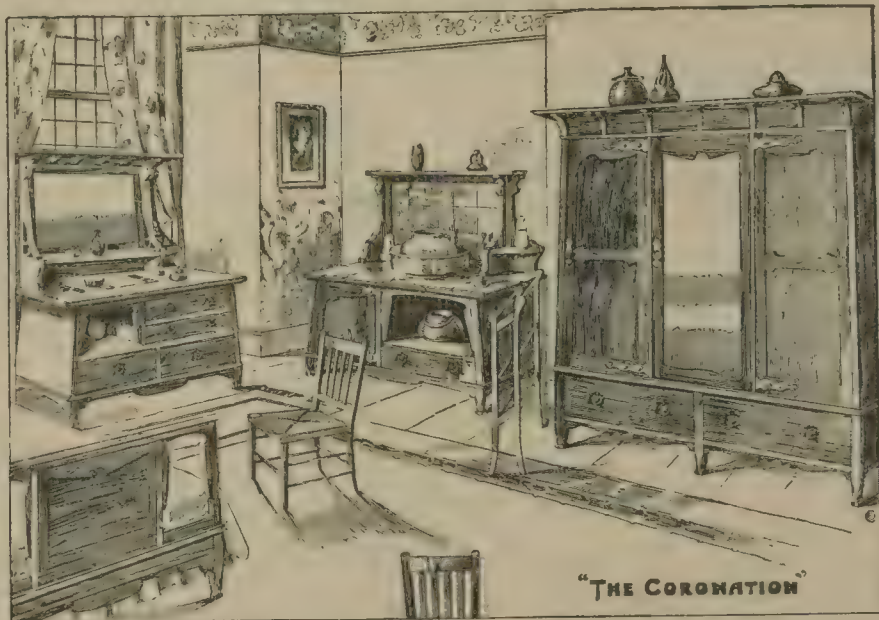
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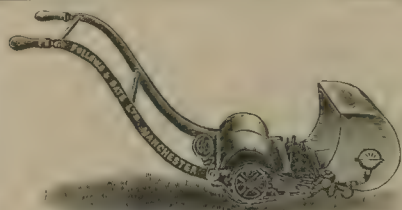
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# PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—III.: LANDSCAPES AND SEA-PIECES.

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A SUNNY SUMMER EVENING IN THE MEADOWS.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



EVENING SHADOWS.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



ROUGH WEATHER WORKING UP. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.



THE LAND OF WINE AND SONG.—MARK FISHER.



AMONG THE CLIFFS OF EAST KENT.—T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.





THE NEAREST WAY HOME.—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON.—MARK FISHER.





THE MILLER'S CROFT.—E. J. GREGORY, R.A.



"CALL US NOT WEEDS."—JOHN C. ADAMS.



CLEARING THE NET.—C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.



"FROM SULTRY DAY TO SUMMER STORM."—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.





THE OLD FARM AT ST. ANDREWS.—JAMES SANT, R.A.



THE HOME MOORINGS.—C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.



IN A FAIRY WOODLAND.—ERNEST PARTON.



EDINBURGH: THE OLD TOWN.—J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.





THE CITADEL, CAIRO.—ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.



STUDY AT ALNMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—JAMES SANT, R.A.



THE HOME WIND.—C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.



EDINBURGH: THE NEW TOWN.—J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.





STREATLEY, FROM GORING.—ERNEST PARTON.



THE RIVER-PLOUGH.—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.





EVENING.—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.



"THE GENTLE STREAMLET, WILLOW-WOOD."—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## III.—LANDSCAPES AND SEA-PIECES.

At this moment it would be hard to say what are the leading characteristics, and still less what are the aims, of our principal landscape-painters. No study of the pictures at Burlington House will help to solve this riddle, and we are left in doubt whether Mr. H. H. La Thangue or Mr. Alfred East, Mr. G. Leslie or Mr. G. H. Boughton, Mr. David Murray or Mr. Edward Stott is to be the leader, or whether Mr. Byam Shaw's frank reversion to Pre-Raphaelitism is to be taken as a note of dissatisfaction, or as a protest against the "washiness" of the impressionists.

This state of chaos is more strongly marked this year than usual. Mr. La Thangue's fine expanse of "Flowering Gorse on Lavington Downs" is painted with his recently adopted "tone" of flecks of sunlight. In this instance, however, clever and strong as the picture is, the meaning is scarcely clear, for on Sussex Downs the trees are not so numerous as to produce this effect. An even better instance of Mr. La Thangue's work is "Gathering Plums," where the broken sunlight comes naturally; but the picture is a little

at ninety years his hand has lost little of its cunning in painting cattle. Mr. Waterlow's "Sheltered Pastures" may advantageously be compared with Mr. Edward Stott's "River-Bank," for both artists have a sense of the "poetic pastoral"; but neither seems to attain the point reached by Mr. Ridley Corbet in his "Val d'Arno," an evening scene of which Shelley might have sung, but could not have rendered more melodiously. Judged by this poetic standard, there is no work in the whole exhibition which displays finer qualities of perception and feeling than this by Mr. Corbet, and it is, after all, a relief from such vigorous work as Mr. Clausen's "Gleaner," or "Golden Barn," or "Sons of the Soil," of which the merits are incontestable, but the hard prose too heavily emphasised. At the other extreme we find Mr. George H. Boughton, who won notoriety by Puritan maidens and Dutch bargemen, giving us Twelfth-cake figures reposing in unsuitable dresses in dewy meadows, where it is all dew and no grass; and Mr. G. D. Leslie bringing his lady to the sunless "Wishing Well" in a costume which would be scarcely prudent on the croquet lawn. Mr. W. L. Wyllie strikes a somewhat higher note in his "City of London" as seen from the Tower Bridge. The busy river and its craft in the foreground, and the dense mass

the Brotherhood and their followers would paint every leaf on the tree, and every vein in each leaf. We are brought back to Millais' "Ophelia," and some of his earlier works, and we are forced to admit that Mr. Byam Shaw, by the same device, has introduced a dramatic feeling into a simple subject. Mr. Somerscales and Mr. Ogilvy Reid are both successful in their respective styles in the treatment of sea: the former is best in depicting the blue rolling waves of the mid-Atlantic, the latter the dark and lowering clouds over the grey North Sea. Under the title of "Solitude," Mr. Charles J. Fox sends a fine bit of snow-covered woodland and distant hills, but the sky seems somewhat bright for such a scene in England or Scotland; and it is to the clever Norwegian, Mr. Fritz Thaulow, that we must turn for a thoroughly masterful winter scene in "The Old Fabrique, Christiania," which is one of the cleverest pictures in the exhibition. Neither of Mr. MacWhirter's attempts to treat Old and New Edinburgh in a Turner-esque fashion can be regarded as a success—there is either too much or too little outline, and in the evening scene the colour is somewhat forced; but Mr. Dudley Hardy is more successful in his attempt, in his "Idlers," to revive the style of Decamps, which has been more recently adapted



A GLEAM BEFORE THE STORM. — ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

spoilt by the repetition of the same lines in both the figures, and the hard angle formed by the arm in each." Mr. Alfred East has been painting both at home and abroad, and opinion will be balanced between "A Glean Before the Storm," "The Citadel, Cairo" and "The Edge of the Somme," for in all he shows a very delicate touch and almost rises to poetic feeling, to which Mr. MacWhirter in his Old and New Edinburgh, as seen in the grey morning or dull evening, vainly aspires. Mr. David Murray, again, is a painter of undoubted ability, but somehow he seems to have achieved reputation without reaching maturity. His two most important pictures, "The Gentle Streamlet, Willow-Wood" and "From Sultry Day to Summer Storm," are, despite their poetical titles, eminently prose transcripts of South-country landscape; and "The River-Plough," indicates no advance here upon his previous work. He may find consolation in Mr. Leader's popularity; for his is another instance of arrested progress, although it must be admitted that his picture "Our South Coast," with its stretch of sandy shore under a grey sky, is an honest attempt to get away from the numbing influence of his later works.

The veteran painter of land and sea—Mr. J. C. Hook—shows very little sign of age, and none of infirmity. It is scarcely to be expected that he should adopt a new line now, but such pictures as "Seaweed for the Garden" and "A Lonely Bay" are old friends with almost new faces. An even older veteran, Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, shows that

of buildings surmounted by St. Paul's in the background, impress one with a sense of the dignity of labour and the picturesqueness of our murky atmosphere.

Turning from the scene of peace to that of war, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch follows up her success of last year with an episode from the veldt. "In Sight" represents Lord Dundonald's dash on Ladysmith; but the interest is less in the riders than in the rough country over which they are forcing their jaded horses, and so deserves a place among the landscapes of the year. Mr. Colin Hunter is less metallic than usual in his panoramic treatment of the Isle of Arran and the group of herring-boats off Kildonan Castle, but there is still a hardness in the atmosphere which is foreign to the west coast; Mr. Alfred Parsons is to be seen to good advantage in his spring-like "Buttercups" and in his autumnal landscape, "The Junction of the Tees and Greta," with its swirling water over the flat rocks and the golden trees behind. In the same room, too, is Mr. Byam Shaw's "Boer War, 1900"—a figure of a young girl on a river-bank, sadly recalling that "last summer green things were greener, brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer." This, however, the artist makes somewhat difficult, for it would be scarcely possible to imagine more vivid colouring in nature or art. The interest, however, of the picture lies in the challenge it throws down to the dominant school of landscape-painters. Mr. Byam Shaw wishes frankly to revive Pre-Raphaelitism, and to return to the times when

to modern taste by Monticelli and Mr. Frank Brangwyn, the latter of whom, by the way, is not represented this year at Burlington House.

The pictures selected for notice do not necessarily include all the best landscapes, but are rather typical of the various ways of their respective painters. It is, therefore, from no want of appreciation that special mention has not been made of the works of Mr. H. W. B. Davis, who in many respects stands at the head of our English landscapists; of Mr. Mark Fisher, who finds his best inspiration under foreign skies; of Mr. Ernest Parton, who so thoroughly understands and renders the beauties of the Upper Thames and its backwaters; or of Mr. Sant, who, best known as a portrait-painter, is this year to be found among the landscapists with two small but attractive works. Mr. Napier Hemy has more especially devoted himself to water-colours, in which he shows his love of sea life and adventure; while Mr. E. J. Gregory, in the same medium, rests content with the peaceful beauties of "The Miller's Croft." Among the lesser-known names, Mr. J. C. Adams's "Call us not Weeds" shows more than usual individual thought and intention; but in the majority of cases the conflict between open-air and studio painting is too obvious, much to the detriment of the work as finally submitted to public judgment. The wish to paint direct from Nature is overlaid by the desire to improve the picture at home—often with the most perplexing results.